

P O E M S
O N
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S .

W R I T T E N B Y
D r . T H O M A S P A R N E L L ,

L A T E

R

Arch-Deacon of CLOGHER :

A N D

P U B L I S H ' D by Mr. POPE.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

H O R .

The N I N T H E D I T I O N , with Additions.

D U B L I N :

Printed by HENRY SAUNDERS, in *Great Ship-Street,*

M D C C L X X V I .





To the Right Honourable

R O B E R T,

Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes, thy once-lov'd poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld, and lost ! admir'd and mourn'd !
With softest manners, gentle arts, adorn'd !
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain !
Dear to the muse, to HARLEY dear—in vain !

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend :
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great ;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays :

B

Who

Who careless, now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great ;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made ;
 The muse attends thee to the silent shade :
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace,
 When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays,
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
 Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

Sept. 25.

21 JY 64

A. POPE.

1721.



H E S I O D :
O R, T H E
R I S E O F W O M A N .

W H A T antient Times (those Times we fancy
wife)

Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What mortals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale ;
(In Greece, 'twas thought, a woman might be frail)
Ye modern beauties ! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you ;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's ; he the fable writ ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit :
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please :
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas e're the low creation swarm'd with men)

4 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

That one Prometheus, sprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

Oh vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !
Enjoy the glory past, that gift was thine ;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find ;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the fire commands,
To temper mortar with etherial hands ;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin-goddeses are proud to wear,
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine,
"Twas thus the fire ordain'd ; the pow'r obey'd ;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms ;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.

Then

Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;
The lip affected, and the glance design'd ;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink,
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,
For decent yielding looks declining down,
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual fire ;
Gay smiles to comfort ; April show'rs to move ;
And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair ;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sov'reign will, and some desire to chide :
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva (skilful goddess) train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,
An useful gift ; but what profuse expence ;
What world of fashions, took their rise from hence !

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod :
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,

The price of favours ; the designing arts
 That aim at riches in contempt of hearts ;
 And for a comfort in the marriage life,
 The little, pilf 'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
 And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue ;
 He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays
 The pleasing colours of the art of praise ;
 And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
 Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere,
 Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
 To make her sense with double charms abound,
 Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
 A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
 And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade
 Where pictur'd loves on ev'ry cover play'd ;
 Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
 Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart ;
 The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
 To call the locks, that lightly wander, home ;
 And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
 Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours
 Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs ;
 Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;
 A veil pellucid hung depending down ;

Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waste)
Flow'd to the feet ; to copy Venus air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax ! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread ; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly ;
New love begins, a love produc'd to dye ;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide ;
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride :
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show,

The

The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts,
A loitering race the painful bee supports,
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk drefs, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
(The present treach'rous, but the bearer more).
'Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold shou'd aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling star ;

But

But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus's must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields in form.

“ Now take what Jove design'd (she softly cry'd)
“ This box thy portion, and myself thy bride :”
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep;
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods,

In

In vain the satyrs rage, the tritons rave,
 They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
 No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
 No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
 No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
 And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
 From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
 Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
 The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
 And alt'ring nature wore a sickly face:
 New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
 New plagues to suffer, and to please the fair!
 The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
 Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;
 The mean designs of well-dissembled love:
 The sordid matches never join'd above,
 Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
 (Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
 The curse of jealousy; expence, and strife;
 Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
 The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair —
 These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd we find;
 Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
 The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,

The

The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The chrystal Helicon forbore to flow,
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
The muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Yet fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Tho' when it happen'd, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for am'rous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, ('twas the lover's day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:
A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind.)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look and shot the wood,

“ Now

“ Now take, (at once they cry) thy due reward,”
 And urg’d with erring rage, assault the bard.
 His corps the sea receiv’d. The dolphins bore
 (’Twas all the gods would dó) the corps to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
 And see the dreams of antient wisdom rise ;
 I see the Muses round the body cry,
 But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by ;
 He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
 And thus inscribes the moral on the sand,
 “ Here Hesiod lies : ye future bards, beware
 “ How far your moral tales incense the fair :
 “ Unlov’d, unloving, ’twas his fate to bleed ;
 “ Without his quiver Cupid caus’d the deed :
 “ He judg’d this turn of malice justly due,
 “ And Hesiod dy’d for joys he never knew.”



S O N G.

WHEN thy beauty appears
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky ;
 At distance I gaze, and am aw’d by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,
 Your kind thoughts you impart,

When

When your love runs in blushes thro' ev'ry vein;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
 your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex, (she reply'd,)
 And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.



S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdue:
 Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
 Sabina's easy shape and air
 With softer magick drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to dye;
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Cælia's Shape ran drown,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes, which love cou'd only blind,

So fet the lover free ;
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or with a true-love-knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia! (fly Sabina cry'd)
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;
 Now to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart.
 Poor girl (says Cælia) say no more ;
 For shou'd the swain but one adore,
 That spite which broke his chains before,
 Wou'd break the other's heart.



S O N G.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream!
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
 Ye swains that haunt the grove!
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
 Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.



A N A C R E O N T I C K.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
 To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
 While easy breezes, softer rain,
 And warmer suns salute the plain;
 'Twas then in yonder piny grove,
 That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
 Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath ;
 Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
 With new recruits of genial heat ;
 And in her train the birds appear,
 To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank, where daisies grew,
 And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
 She finds the boy she went to find ;
 A thousand pleasures wait behind,
 Aside, a thousand arrows lye,
 But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy,
 Dancing graces, idle joy,
 Wanton smiles, and airy play,
 Conspir'd to make the scene be gay ;
 Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
 And Nature bid them sing to Love,
 Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
 And pay their tribute from the wing,
 To fledge the shafts that idly lye,
 And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
 They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
 And thrice they make the plumes agree,
 And ev'ry dart they mount with three,

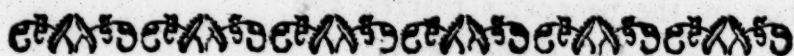
And

And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring Eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom ;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers dye :
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts ;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing :
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young :
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And see, says Love, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with Nature here,
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart :
Then cease for souls averse to fight,
If Nature crosses ye, so do I ;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.

But if the mutual charms I find
 By which she links you mind to mind,
 They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
 And strike from both, through both your hearts.



A N A C R E O N T I C K.

GAY Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us ;
 And for the guests that were to dine,
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
 Near Comus, Jocus plac'd ;
 For wine makes Love forget its care,
 And Mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,
 Each sweet engaging grace
 Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
 And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
 A lady of the sky ;
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,
 And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toft his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moft ;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he mift the toaft.

They call'd and drank at every touch ;
He fill'd, and drank again ;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis faid, they did fo then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ftung,
By reck'ning his deceits ;
And Cupid mock'd his ftammering tongue,
With all his ftagg'ring gaits :

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeft ;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beft.

Such talk foon fet them all at odds ;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd fing ye, how they drunk like Gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,
Who make 'em foon agree ;
Nay had the furies felves been nigh,
They ftill were three to three.

Bacchus

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
 And gave him back his bow ;
 But kept some darts to stir the cup,
 Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
 And gayly wore the prize,
 And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
 As thrice, he strove to rise.

Then Cupid fought the myrtle grove,
 Where Venus did recline;
 And Venus close embracing Love,
 They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
 Roll'd off to some retreat,
 Where boon companions gravely sit
 In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,
 For one fresh glass prepare ;
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
 And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
 This our instructive song ;
 For tho' such friendships may be dear,
 They can't continue long.

A FAIRY

A FAIRY TALE:

In the antient English Style.

IN Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along

All

All in the moony light :
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground :
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrase :
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before :
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magick art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
 "Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
"Which made my steps unweeting rove,
 "Amid the nightly dew."
'Tis well, the gallant crys again,
We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or e'er we part,
 To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab my part'ner daunce,
 Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;

The

The monarch leads the queen :
 The rest their fairie part'ners found :
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And fiker such a feast was made
 As heart and lip desire,
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairie king,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other-some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that Robin hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
 Has hent him up aloof ;
 And full against the beam he flung
 Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " reverse my charm, he crys,
 " And let it fairly now suffice
 " The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile,
 Content thee Edwin for a while,
 The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome-play ;
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow ;
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
 And all at once the tapers dye ;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
 Was ever wight in like a case
 Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the lefs ;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 (The youth of Edith erst approv'd)

D

To

Joseph. Red. Nelson

To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall :
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The Fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And musick fills the hall.

But Certes forely funk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin shew,
 His spirits in him dye :
 When Oberon crys, " a man is near,
 " A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 " Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz (hapless youth !)
 In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
 Intreats them pity graunt ;
 For als he been a mifter wight,
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night,
 To tread the circled haunt ;

" Ah losell vile, at once they roar ;
 " And little skill'd of Fairie lore,
 " Thy cause to come we know :
 " Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
 " And Fairies, since a ly you tell,
 " Are free to work thee woe."

Then

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceed apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat ;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They skriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y'drops the knight :
For never spell by Fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
But wot ye well his harder lot ?
His feely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,

And when the tale was done,
 " Thus some are born, my son (she cries)
 " With base impediments to rise,
 " And some are born with none.

 " But virtue can itself advance
 " To what the fav'rite fools of chance,
 " By fortune seem'd design'd :
 " Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 " And from itself shake off the weight
 " Upon th' unworthy mind."



PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

CRAS amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique ama-
 vit, cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis est,
 Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
 Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
 Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
 Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
 Cras Dione jura dicit, sulca sublimi throno.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,
 cras amet.

Tunc



T H E

VIGIL of VENUS.

*Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR,
and by some ascribed to CATULLUS.*

LET those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The spring, the new, the warb'ling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years ;
In spring the Loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain
And drest in diff'ring greens adorn the plain,
She comes ; to-morrow beauty's empress roves
'Thro' walks that winding run within the groves ;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Tunc liquore de superno, squameo ponti e globo,
 Cæulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
 Fecit undantem Dionem de marites imbribus.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit,
 cras amet.

Ipfa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
 Ipfa surgentis papillas de favoni spiritu,
 Urguet in toros tepentes ; ipfa roris lucidi,
 Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,
 Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.
 In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
 Umor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus.
 Mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.
 Ipfa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ
 Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
 Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.

Cras

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood ;
Wand'ring in circles flood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with having throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow,
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shake the naked trees.
When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews ;
Bright trembling pearls depend on ev'ry spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her filken leaves ;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds ;
Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush : Yet maids ! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair,
'Tis Venus' plant : The blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red ;

From

Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus ignea,

Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

Cras amet qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ipsa nimfas diva luco jussit ire myrteo

Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest

Esse amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.

Ite nimfæ: posuit arma, feriatum est amor.

Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est:

Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.

Sed tamen cavete nimfæ, quod Cupido pulcher est:

Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est amor.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.

Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,

Ut

From Love's soft kifs, a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Thro' all her sweets the rising lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more,

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go?
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver usefess hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

From Venus bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train, compleat with modest airs:
" Chaste Delia! grant our suit! or shun the wood,
" Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.

" Venus,

Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.
 Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem:
 Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:
 Congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos,
 Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter cascas,
 Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus;
 Detinent & tota nox est pervigila cantibus.
 Regent in filvis Dione: Tu recede Delia.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
 cras amet.

Jussit Hiblæis tribunal stare diva floribus.
 Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adsederunt gratiæ.
 Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.
 Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ campus est.
 Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque

“ Venus, O Delia! if she cou’d persuade,
“ Wou’d ask thy presence, might she ask a maid.”
Here chearful choirs for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crouds in measures lightly-decent rove,
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove;
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets strew the scenes of love,
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deck’d with viny leaves:
Here wit’s enchanting God in lawrel crown’d
Wakes all the ravish’d hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione’s reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

Let those love now, who never lov’d before,
Let those who always lov’d, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the fav’rite band
(Her smiling graces) share the great command.
Now beauteous Hybla! drest thy flow’ry beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna’s aromatic field;
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From ev’ry quarter rural nymphs resort.

From

Quæque filvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Jussit omnis asidere pueri mater alitas,

Jussit & nudo puellas nil amorì credere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore,

Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,

Pervium sui tenorem feminali tramite

Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit;

Ipsa

From woods, from mountains, from their humble
vales,

From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green ;
And " lovely girls, (she whispers) guard your hearts ;
" My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts."

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day, old Æther wedded earth in green.
The vernal father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling sea ;
With fertil seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystick ways of birth.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Thy's remainder bore.

E

She

38 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Ipſa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit;
Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipſa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames & Quirites, proque prole poſterum
Romuli matrem crearet & nepotem Cæſarem.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Rura fœcundat voluptas: Rura Venerem ſentiunt.
Ipſe amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc agercum parturiret, ipſa ſuſcepit ſinu,
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ecce, jam ſuper geneſtas explicat aonii latus.
Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantium gregem.
Et canoras, non tacere Diva juffit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,

Adſonant

She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by Shows the Sabine Dames she led,
And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,
Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns ;
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes ;
Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy comforts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade.
And now the goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their Musick, and salute the year ;

Adsonant Terei puellæ subter umbram populi,
Ut putas motus amoris ore dici musico,
Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

Illa cantat : nos tacemus ; quando ver venit meum ?
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere definam ?
Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
Sic Amyclas cum taceret, perdidit silentium.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Then deep the swain begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain,
We fancy love express'd at ev'ry note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence 'till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela, cease, ——— Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
And those who always lov'd, now love the more.

21 JY 63



H O M E R's
B A T T L E
O F T H E
F R O G S and M I C E.
W I T H T H E
R E M A R K S of Z O I L U S.


To which is prefixed,

The LIFE of the said Z O I L U S.

*Vide quam iniqui sunt divinatorum munerum Aestimatores,
etiam quidam Professi Sapientiam. Seneca.*







P R E F A C E.

✕✕✕✕ A V I N G some time ago heard. that the translation of H O M E R's Iliad would be attempted, I resolved to confer with the gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall presence, and thoughtful countenance, with his hands folded, his eyes fixed, and his beard untrimmed. This I took to be a good omen, because he thus resembled the Constantinopolitan statue of H O M E R which Cedrenus describes; and surely nothing could have been liker, had he but arrived at the character of age and blindness. As my business was to be my introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret history of H O M E R; that no one better knows his own horse than I do the camel of Bactria, in which his soul resided at the time of the Trojan wars; that my acquaintance continued with him, as he appeared in the person of the Grecian poet; that I knew him in his next transmigration into a peacock; was pleased with his return to manhood, under the name of Ennius at Rome; and more pleased to hear he would soon revive under another name, with all his full lustre in England. This particular knowledge, added I, which sprung from the love I bear him, has made me fond of a conversation with you, in order to the success of your translation.

The civil manner in which he received my proposal encouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were arts of success, as well as merits to obtain it, and that he, who now dealt in Greek, should not only satisfy himself with being a good Grecian, but also contrive to hasten into the repute of it. He might

might therefore write in the title-page, translated from the original Greek, and select a motto for his purpose out of the same language. He might obtain a copy of verses written in it to prefix to the work; and not call the title of each book, the first, and second, but Iliad Alpha, and Beta. He might retain some names, which the world is least acquainted with, as his old translator Chapman uses Ephæstus instead of Vulcan, Baratrum for Hell; and if the notes were filled with Greek verses, it would more increase the wonder of many readers. Thus I went on; when he told me, smiling, I had shewn him, indeed a set of arts very different from merit, for which reason, he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A success, says he, founded on the ignorance of others, may bring a temporary advantage, but neither a conscious satisfaction, nor future fame to the author. Men of sense despise the affectation which they easily see through, and even they who were dazzled with it at first, are no sooner informed of its being an affectation, but they imagine it also a veil to cover imperfection.

The next point I ventured to speak on, was the sort of poetry he intended to use, how some may fancy a part of the greatest fire would be imitated better in the freedom of blank verse, and the description of war sounds more pompous out of rhyme. But, will the translation, said he, be thus removed enough from prose without greater inconveniences? What transposition is Milton forc'd to as an equivalent want of rhyme, in the poetry of a language which depends upon a natural order of words? And even this would not have done his business, had he not given the fullest scope to the genius, by chusing a subject upon which there could be no hyperboles. We see (however he be deservedly successful) that the ridicule of his manner succeeds better than the imitation of it; because transpositions, which are unnatural to a language, are to be fairly derided, if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and
because

because hyperboles, which outrage every lesser subject where they are seriously used, are often beautiful in ridicule. Let the French, whose language is not copious, translate in prose; but ours, which exceeds it in copiousness of words, may have a more frequent likeness of sounds, to make the unison or rhyme easier; a grace of music, that atones for the harshness our consonants and monosyllables occasion.

After this, I demanded what air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's version, or modern, like La Motte's contraction. To which he answered, by desiring me to observe what a painter does who would always have his pieces in fashion. He neither chooses to draw a beauty in a ruff, or a French-head; but with its neck uncovered, and in its natural ornament of hair curled up, or spread becomingly: so may a writer choose a natural manner of expressing himself which will always be in fashion, without affecting to borrow an odd solemnity and unintelligible pomp from the past times, or humouring the present by falling into its affectations, and those phrases which are born to die with it.

I asked him, lastly, whether he would be strictly literal, or expatiate with further licences? I would not be literal, replies he, or tied up to line for line in such a manner, wherein it is impossible to express in one language what has been delivered in another. Neither would I so expatiate, as to alter my author's sentiments, or add others of my own. These errors are to be avoided on either hand, by adhering not only to the word, but the spirit and genius of an author; by considering what he means, with what beautiful manner he has expressed his meaning in his own tongue, and how he would have expressed himself, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to seek for HOMER in a version of HOMER: other attempts are but transformations of him; such as Ovid tells us, where the name is retained, and the thing altered: this will be really what you mentioned in the compliment you began with, a trans-

transmigration of the poet from one country to another.

Here ended the serious part of our conference. All I remember further was, that having asked him what he designed with all those editions and comments I observed in his room? He made answer, that if any one, who had a mind to find fault with his performance, would but stay till it was entirely finished, he should have a very cheap bargain of them.

Since this discourse, I have often resolved to try what it was to translate in the spirit of a writer, and at last, chose the battle of the frogs and mice, which is ascribed to HOMER; and bears a nearer resemblance to his Iliad, than the Culex does to the Æneid of Virgil. Statius and others think it a work of Youth, written as a prelude to his greater poems. Chapman thinks it the work of his age, after he found men ungrateful; to shew he could give strength, lineage and fame as he pleased, and praise a mouse as well as a man. Thus, says he, the poet professedly flung up the world, and applied himself at last to hymns. Now, though this reason of his may be nothing more than a scheme formed out of the order in which HOMER's works are printed, yet does the conjecture that this poem was written after the Iliad, appear probable, because of its frequent allusions to that poem, and particularly, that there is not a frog or a mouse killed which has not its parallel instance there, in the death of some warrior or other.

The poem itself is of the epic kind; the time of its action the duration of two days; the subject, (however in its nature frivolous, or ridiculous) raised, by having the most shining words and deeds of Gods and heroes accommodated to it: and while other poems often compare the illustrious exploits of great men to those of brutes, this always heightens the subject by comparisons drawn from things above it. We have a great character given of it with respect to the fable in Gaddius de Script. non Eccles. It appears, says he, nearer perfection than the Iliad or Odyssey, and excels both in judgment, wit, and exquisite texture,
since

since it is a poem perfect in its own kind. Nor does Crusius speak less to its honour, with respect to the moral, when he cries out in an apostrophe to the reader; "Whoever you are, mind not the names of these little animals, but look into the things they mean; call them men, call them kings or counsellors, or humane polity itself, you have here doctrines of every sort." And indeed, when I hear the frog talk concerning the mouse's family, I learn, equality should be observed in making friendships; when I hear the mouse answer the frog, I remember that a similitude of manners should be regarded in them; when I see their councils assembling, I think of the bustles of human prudence; and when I see the battle grow warm and glorious, our struggles for honour and empire appear before me.

This piece had many imitations of it in antiquity, as the fight of the cats, the cranes, the starlings, the spiders, &c. That of the cats is in the Bodleian library, but I was not so lucky as to find it. I have taken the liberty to divide my translation into books (though it be otherwise in the original) according as the fable allowed proper resting places, by varying its scene, or nature of action: This I did, after the example of Aristarchus and Zenodotus in the Iliad. I then thought of carrying the Grammarians example further, and placing arguments at the head of each, which I framed as follows, in imitation of the short antient Greek inscriptions to the Iliad.

B O O K I.

In Alpha the ground
Of the quarrel is found.

B O O K II.

In Beta, we
The council see.

B O O K III.

Dire Gamma relates
The work of the fates.

F

But

But as I am averſe from all informations which leſſens our ſurpriſe, I only mention theſe, for a handle to quarrel with the cuſtom of long arguments before a poem. It may be neceſſary in books of controverſy or abſtruſe learning, to write an epitome before each part; but it is not kind to foreſtal us in a work of fancy, and make our attention remiſs, by a previous account of the end of it.

The next thing which employed my thoughts was the heroes names. It might perhaps take off ſome-what from the majeſty of the poem, had I caſt away ſuch noble ſounds as, Phyſignathus, Lycopinax, and Crambophagus, to ſubſtitute Bluff-cheeks, Lick-diſh, and Cabbage-eater, in their places. It is for this reaſon I have retained them untranslated: However, I place them in Engliſh before the poem, and ſometimes give a ſhort character extracted out of their names; as in Polyphonus, Pternophagus, &c. that the reader may not want ſome light of their humour in the original.

But what gave me a greater difficulty was to know how I ſhould follow the poet, when he inſerted pieces of lines from his Iliad, and ſtruck out a ſprightlineſs by their new application. To ſupply this in my tranſlation, I have added one or two of HOMER'S particularities; and uſed two or three alluſions to ſome of our Engliſh poets who moſt reſemble him, to keep up ſome image of this ſpirit of the original with an equivalent beauty. To uſe more might make my performance ſeem a canto rather than a tranſlation, to thoſe who know not the neceſſity I lay under.

I am not ignorant, after all my care, how the world receives the beſt compositions of this nature. A man need only go to a painter's, and apply what he hears ſaid of a picture to a tranſlation, to find how he ſhall be uſed upon his own, or his author's account. There one ſpectator tells you, a piece is extremely fine, but he ſets no value on what is not like the face it was drawn for; while a ſecond informs you, ſuch another is extremely like, but he
cares

cares not for a piece of deformity, tho' its likeness be ever so exact.

Yet notwithstanding all which happens to the best, when I translate, I have a desire to be reckoned amongst them; and I shall obtain this, if the world will be so good-natured as to believe writers that give their own characters: Upon which presumption, I answer to all objections beforehand, as follows;

When I am literal, I regard my author's words; when I am not, I translate in spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative style; if high, the subject required it. When I am enervate, I give an instance of antient simplicity; when affected, I shew a point of modern delicacy. As for beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any faults, they proceeded from too unbounded fancy, or too nice judgment, but by no means from any defect in either of those faculties.

Jos. Fred. Leeson

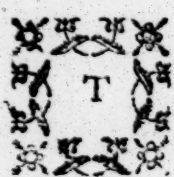


T H E

L I F E of Z O I L U S.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

Martial.

HEY* who have discoursed concerning the nature and extent of criticism, take notice, that editions of authors, the interpretations of them, and the judgment which is passed upon each, are the three branches into which the art divides itself. But the last of these, that directs in the choice of books, and takes care to prepare us for reading them, is by the learned Bacon called the Chair of the Critics. In this chair (to carry on the figure) have sat Aristotle, Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, and Longinus; all great names of antiquity, the censors of those ages which went before, and the Directors of those that come after them, with respect to the natural and perspicuous manners of thought and expression, by which a correct and judicious genius may be able to write for the pleasure and profit of mankind.

But whatever has been advanced by men really great in themselves, has been also attempted by others of capacities either unequal to the understanding, or which have been corrupted by their passions, and drawn away into partial violence: So that we have sometimes seen the province of criticism usurped, by such who judge with an obscure diligence,

gence, and a certain dryness of understanding, incapable of understanding a figurative style, or being moved by the beauties of imagination; and at other times by such, whose natural moroseness in general, or particular designs of envy, has rendered them indefatigable against the reputation of others.

In this last manner is ZOILUS represented to us by antiquity, and with a character so abandoned, that his name has been since made use of to brand all succeeding critics of his complexion. He has a load of infamy thrown upon him, great, in proportion to the fame of HOMER, against whom he opposed himself: if the one was esteemed as the very residence of wit, the other is described as a profligate, who would destroy the temple of Apollo and the Muses, in order to have his memory preserved by the envious action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful undertaking to write some account of this celebrated person, from whom so many derive their character; and I think the life of a critic is not unseasonably put before the works of a poet, especially when his censures accompany him. If what he advances be just, he stands here as a censor: if otherwise, he appears as an addition to the poet's fame, and is placed before him with the justice of antiquity in its sacrifices, when, because such a beast had offended such a deity, he was brought annually to his altar to be slain upon it.

ZOILUS was born at Amphipolis, a city of Thrace, during the time in which the Macedonian empire flourished. Who his parents were is not certainly known, but if the appellation of Thracian slave, which the world applied to him, be not merely an expression of contempt, it proves him of mean extraction. He was a disciple of one Polycrates a Sophist, who had distinguished himself by writing against the great names of the ages before him; and who, when he is mentioned as his master, is said to be particularly famous for a bitter accusation or invective against the memory of Socrates. In this manner

manner is ZOILUS set out to posterity, like a plant naturally baneful, and having its poison rendered more acute and subtile by a preparation.

In his person he was tall and meagre, his complexion was pale, and all the motions of his face were sharp. He is represented by Ælian, with a beard nourished to a prodigious length, and his head kept close shaved, to give him a magisterial appearance: His coat hung over his knees in a slovenly fashion; his manners were formed upon an aversion to the customs of the world. He was fond of speaking ill, diligent to sow dissention, and from the constant bent of his thought, had obtained that sort of readiness for slander or reproach, which is esteemed wit by the light opinion of some, who take the remarks of ill nature for an understanding of mankind, and the abrupt lashes of rudeness for the spirit of expression. This, at last, grew to such a height in him, that he became careless of concealing it; he threw off all reserves and managements in respect of others, and the passion so far took the turn of frenzy, that being one day asked, why he spoke ill of every one? "It is (says he) because I am not able to do them ill, though I have so great a mind to it." Such extravagant declarations of his general enmity, made men deal with him as with the creature he affected to be; they no more spoke of him as belonging to the species he hated; and from henceforth his learned speeches, or fine remarks, could obtain no other title for him but that of The Rhetorical Dog.

While he was in Macedon he employed his time in writing, and reciting what he had written in the schools of sophists. His oratory (says Dionysius Halicarnassensis) was always of the demonstrative kind, which concerns itself about praise or dispraise. His subjects were the most approved authors, whom he chose to abuse upon the account of their reputation; and to whom, without going round the matter in faint praise, or artificial insinuations, he used to deny their

their own characteristics. With this gallantry of opposition did he censure Xenophon for affectation, Plato for vulgar notions, and Isocrates for incorrectness. Demosthenes, in his opinion, wanted fire, Aristotle subtilty, and Aristophanes humour. But, as to have reputation was with him a sufficient cause of enmity, so to have that reputation universal, was what wrought his frenzy to its wildest degree; for which reason, it was HOMER with whom he was most implacably angry. And certainly, if envy chose its objects for the power to give torment, it should here (if ever) have the glory of fully answering its intentions; for the poet was so worshipped by the whole age, that his critic had not the common alleviation of the opinion of one other man, to concur in his condemnation.

ZOILUS however went on with indefatigable industry in a voluminous work which he entitled, *The ψόγος*, or Censure of Homer: Till having at last finished it, he prepares to send it into the world with a pompous title at the head, invented for himself by way of excellency, and thus inserted after the manner of the antients.

“ZOILUS the scourge of HOMER, writ this against that lover of Fables.”

Thus did he value himself upon a work, which the world has not thought worth transmitting to us, and but just left a specimen in five or six quotations, which happen to be preserved by the commentators of that poet against whom he writ it. If any one be found to form a judgment upon him from these instances, they are as follow:

II. 1. He says, HOMER is very ridiculous (a word he was noted to apply to him) when he makes such a God as Apollo employ himself in killing dogs and mules.

II. 5. HOMER is very ridiculous in describing Diomedes's helmet and armour, as sparkling, and in a blaze of fire about him, for then why was he not burned by it?

II. 5.

II. 5. When Idæus quitted his fine chariot; which was entangled in the fight, and for which he might have been slain, the poet was a fool for making him leave his chariot, he had better have run away in it.

II. 24. When Achilles made Priam lie out of his tent, lest the Greeks should hear of his being there, the poet had no breeding to turn a king out in that manner.

Od. 9. The poet says, Ulysses lost an equal number out of each ship. The critic says, that's impossible.

Od. 10. He derides the men who were turned into swine, and calls them HOMER's poor little blubbling pigs. The first five of these remarks are found in Didymus, the last in Longinus.

Such as these are the cold jests and trifling quarrels, which have been registered from a composition that (according to the representation handed down to us) was born in envy, lived a short life in contempt, and lies for ever buried with infamy.

But, as his design was judged by himself wonderfully well accomplished, Macedon began to be esteemed a stage too narrow for his glory; and Ægypt, which had then taken learning into its patronage, the proper place where it ought to diffuse its beams, to the surprise of all whom he would persuade to reckon themselves hitherto in the dark, and under the prejudices of a false admiration. However, as he had prepared himself for the journey, he was suddenly diverted for a while by the rumour of the Olympic games, which were at that time to be celebrated. Thither he steered his course full of the memory of Herodotus, and others who had successfully recited in that large assembly; and pleased to imagine he should alter all Greece in their notions of wit before he left it.

Upon his arrival, he found the field in its preparation for diversion. The chariots stood for the race, carved and gilded, the horses were led in costly trappings, some practised to wrestle, some to dart the spear, (or whatever they designed to engage at

in a kind of flourish beforehand: others were looking on to amuse themselves; and all gaily dressed according to the custom of those places. Through these did ZOILUS move forward, bald-headed, bearded to the middle, in a long sad-coloured vestment, and inflexibly stretching forth his hands filled with volumes rolled up to a vast thickness: A figure most venerably slovenly! able to demand attention upon account of its oddness. And indeed, he had no sooner fixed himself upon an eminence, but a crowd flocked about him to know what he intended. Then the critick casting his eyes on the ring, opened his volume slowly, as considering with what part he might most properly entertain his audience. It happened, that the games at Patroclus's obsequies came first into his thought; whether it was that he judged it suitable to the place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the games themselves, as upon HOMER for celebrating them, and could not resist his natural disposition to give mankind offence. Every one was now intently fastened upon him, while he undertook to prove, that those games signified nothing to the taking of Troy, and therefore only furnished an impertinent episode: that the fall of the lesser Ajax in cow-dung, the squabble of the chariot race, and other accidents which attend such sports, are mean or trifling: and a world of other remarks, for which he still affirmed HOMER to be a fool, and which, they that heard him took for studied invectives against those exercises they were then employed in. Men who frequent sports, as they are of a chearful disposition, so are they lovers of poetry: this, together with the opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to impatience and further licenses: There was particularly a young Athenian gentleman who was to run three chariots in those games, who being an admirer of HOMER, could no longer contain himself, but cried out, "What in the name of "Castor have we here, ZOILUS from Thrace?" and as he said it struck him with a chariot-whip.

Imme-

Immediately then a hundred whips were seen carling round his head; so that his face, naturally deformed, and heightened by pain to its utmost caricatura, appeared in the midst of them, as we may fancy the visage of envy, if at any time her snakes rise in rebellion to lash their mistress. Nor was this all the punishment they decreed him, when once they imagined he was ZOILUS: the Scyronian rocks were near 'em, and thither they hurried him with a general cry, to that speedy justice which is practised at places of diversion.

It is here that, according to Suidas, the critic expired. But we, following the more numerous testimonies of other authors, conclude he escaped either by the lowness of those rocks whence he was thrust, or by bushes which might break his fall; and soon after following the courses of his first intention, he set sail for Ægypt.

Ægypt was at this time governed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, a prince passionately fond of learning, and learned men; particularly an admirer of HOMER to adoration. He had built the finest library in the world, and made the choicest, as well as most numerous collection of books. No encouragements were wanting from him to allure men of the brightest genius to his court, and no time thought too much which he spent in their company. From hence it is that we hear of Eratosthenes and Aristophanes, those universal scholars, and candid judges of other mens performances: Callimachus, a poet of the most easy, courteous delicacy, famous for a poem on the cutting of Berenice's hair, and whom Ovid so much admired as to say, "It was reason enough for him to love a woman, if she would but tell him he exceeded Callimachus;" Theocritus, the most famous in the pastoral way of writing; and among the young men, Aristarchus and Apollonius Rhodius, the one of whom proved a most judicious critic, the other a poet of no mean character.

These

These and many more filled the court of that magnificent prince, whose liberal dispensations of wealth and favour, became encouragements to every one to exert their parts to the utmost; like streams which flow through different sorts of soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by nature.

Such was the court when ZOILUS arrived; but before he entered Alexandria, he spent a night in the temple of Isis, to inquire of the success of his undertaking; not that he doubted the worth of his works, but his late misfortune had instructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore performed the accustomed sacrifice, and composed himself to rest upon the hide, he had a vision which foretold of his future fame.

He found himself sitting under the shade of a dark yew, which was covered with hellebore and hemlock, and near the mouth of a cave, where sat a monster, pale, wasted, surrounded with snakes fostering a cockatrice in her bosom, and cursing the sun, for making the work of the deities appear in its beauty. The sight of this bred fear in him; when she suddenly turning her sunk eyes, put on a hideous kind of a gloving grin, in which she discovered a resemblance to some of his own features. Then turning up her snakes, and interlacing them in the form of a turband to give him less disgust, she thus addressed herself: "Go on, my son, in whom I am renewed, and prosper in thy brave undertakings on mankind: assert their wit to be dulness; prove their sense to be folly; know truth only when it is on thy own side; and acknowledge learning at no other time to be useful. Spare not an author of any rank or size: let not thy tongue or pen know pity; make the living feel thy accusations; make the ghosts of the dead groan in their tombs for their violated fame. But why do I spend time in needless advice, which may be better used in encouragement? Let thy eyes delight themselves with the future recompence which I have reserved for thy
"merit."

"merit." Thus spoke the monster, and shrieked
 the name of ZOILUS: The shades who were to bear
 the same name after him became obedient, and the
 mouth of the cave was filled with strange supercilious
 countenances, which all crowded to make their ap-
 pearance. These began to march before him with an
 imitation of his mien and manners: Some crowned
 him with wild sorrel, others having leaves of dead bays
 mingled amongst it; while the monster still described
 them as he passed, and touched each with a livid
 track of malignant light that shot from her eye, to
 point where she meant the description. "They (says
 "she) in the chaplets of wild sorrel, are my writers
 "of prose, who erect scandal into criticism: They
 "who wear the withered bay with it, are such who
 "write poems, which are professedly to answer
 "all rules, and be left for patterns to men of ge-
 "nius. These that follow shall attack others, be-
 "cause they are excelled by them. The next rank
 "shall make an author's being read a sufficient ground
 "of opposition. Here march my grammarians
 "skilled to torture words; there my sons of sophis-
 "try, ever ready to wrest a meaning. Observe how
 "faint the foremost of the procession appear; and
 "how they are now lost in yonder mists which roll
 "about the cave of oblivion! This shews, it is not
 "for themselves that they are to be known; the
 "world will consider them only as managing a part
 "of thy endowments, and so know them by thy
 "name while they live, that their own shall be lost
 "for ever. But see how my cave still swarms! How
 "every age produces man, upon whom the prefer-
 "vation of thy memory devolves. My darling, the
 "fates have decreed it! Thou art ZOILUS, and
 "ZOILUS shall be eternal: Come, my serpents,
 "applaud him with your hisses, that is all which
 "now can be done; in modern times my sons shall
 "invent louder instruments, and artificial imitations,
 "noises which drown the voice of merit, shall fur-
 "nish

“ nish a concert to delight them.” Here she arose to clasp him in her arms, a strange noise was heard, the critic started at it, and his vision forsook him.

It was with some confusion, that he lay musing a while upon what he had seen; but reflecting that the goddesses had given him no answer concerning his success in Ægypt, he strengthened his heart in his antient self-love and enmity to others, and took all for an idle dream, born of the fumes of indigestion, or produced by the dizzy motion of his voyage. In this opinion, he told it at his departure to the priest, who admiring the extraordinary relation, registered it in hieroglyphics at Canopus.

The day when he came to Alexandria was one on which the King had appointed games to Apollo and the Muses, and honours and rewards for such writers as should appear in them. This he took for a happy omen at his entrance, and, not to lose an opportunity of shewing himself, repaired immediately to the public theatre, where, as if every thing was to favour him, the very first accident gave his spleen a diversion, which we find at large in the poem of the seventh book of Vitruvius. It happenend that when the poets had recited, six of the judges decreed the prizes with a full approbation of all the audience. From this Aristophanes alone dissented, and demanded the first prize for a person, whose bashful and interrupted manner of speaking made him appear the most disgustful: For he (says the judge) is alone a poet, and all the rest reciters; and they who are judges should not approve thefts, but writings. To maintain his assertion, those volumes were produced from whence they had been stolen: Upon which the king ordered them to be formally tried for theft, and dismissed with infamy; but placed Aristophanes over his library, as one who had given a proof of his knowledge in books. This passage ZOILUS often afterwards repeated with pleasure, for the number of disgraces which happened in it to the pretenders in poetry; tho' his envy made him still careful not to name Aristophanes, but a judge in general.

However, criticism had only a short triumph over poetry, when he made the next turn his own, by stepping forward into the place of reciting. Here he immediately raised the curiosity, and drew the attention of both king and people: But, as it happened, neither the one nor the other lasted; for the first sentence where he had registered his own name, satisfied their curiosity; and the next, where he offered to prove to a court so devoted to HOMER, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finish his audience. He was nevertheless heard quietly for some time, 'till the king seeing no end of his abusing the prince of philological learning, (as Vitruvius words it) departed in disdain. The judges followed, deriding his attempt as an extravagance which could not demand their gravity: and the people taking a licence from the precedent, hooted him away with obloquy and indignation. Thus ZOILUS failed at his first appearance, and was forced to retire, stung with a most impatient sense of public contempt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he did not omit his attendance at court on the day following, with a petition that he might be put upon the establishment of learning, and allowed a pension. This the king read, but returned no answer: So great was the scorn he conceived against him. But ZOILUS still undauntedly renewed his petitions, 'till Ptolemy, being weary of his persecution, gave him a flat denial: HOMER, (says the prince) who has been dead these thousand years, has maintained thousands of people; and ZOILUS, who boasts he has more wit than he, ought not only to maintain himself, but many others also.

His petitions being thrown carelessly about, were fallen into the hands of men of wit, whom, according to his custom, he had provoked, and whom it is unsafe to provoke if you would live unexposed. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the bee, a creature winged and lively, fond to
rove

rove through the choicest flowers of nature, and blest at home among the sweets of its own composition: not ill-natured, yet quick to revenge an injury; not wearing its sting out of the sheath; yet able to wound more sorely than its appearance would threaten. Now these being made personal enemies by his malicious expressions, the court rung with petitions of Z O I L U S transversed; new petitions drawn up for him; catalogues of his merits, supposed to be collected by himself; his complaints of man's injustice set to a harp out of tune, and a hundred other sports of fancy, with which their epigrams played upon him. These were the ways of writing which Z O I L U S hated, because they were not only read, but retained easily by reason of their spirit, humour, and brevity; and because they not only make the man a jest upon whom they are written, but a farther jest if he attempted to answer them gravely. However, he did what he could in revenge; he endeavoured to set those whom he envied at variance among themselves; and invented lies to promote his design. He told Eratosthenes, that Callimachus said, his extent of learning consisted but in a superficial knowledge of the sciences; and whispered Callimachus, that Eratosthenes only allowed him to have an artful habitual knack of versifying. He would have made Aristophanes believe, that Theocritus rallied his knowledge in editions as a curious kind of trifling; and Theocritus, that Aristophanes derided the rustical simplicity of his shepherds. Tho' of all his stories, that which he most valued himself for, was his constant report, that every one whom he hated was a friend to Antiochus king of Syria, the enemy of Ptolemy.

But malice is unsuccessful when the character of its agent is known: They grew more friends to one another, by imagining, that even what had been said, as well as what had not, was all of Z O I L U S's invention; and as he grew more and more the common

jest, their derision of him became a kind of life and cement to their conversation.

Contempt, poverty, and other misfortunes had now so assaulted him, that even they who abhorred his temper, contributed something to his support, in common humanity. Yet still his envy, like a vitiated stomach, converted every kindness to the nourishment of his disease; and 'twas the whole business of his life to revile HOMER, and those by whom he himself subsisted. In this humour he had days, which were so given up to impatient ill-nature, that he could neither write any thing, nor converse with any one. These he sometimes employed in throwing stones at children; which was once so unhappily returned upon him, that he was taken up for dead: and this occasioned the report in some authors, of his being stoned to death in Ægypt. Or, sometimes he conveyed himself into the library, where he blotted the name of HOMER, wherever he could meet it, and tore the best editions of several volumes; for which the librarians debarred him the privilege of that place. These and other mischiefs made him universally shunned; nay, to such an extravagance was his character of envy carried, that the more superstitious Egyptians imagined they were fascinated by him, if the day were darker, or themselves a little heavier than ordinary; some wore sprigs of rue, by way of prevention; and others, rings made of the hoof of a wild ass for amulets, lest they should suffer, by his fixing an eye upon them.

It was now near the time, when that splendid temple which Ptolemy built in honour of HOMER, was to be opened with a solemn magnificence: for this the men of genius were employed in finding a proper pageant. At last, they agreed by one consent to have ZOILUS, the utter enemy of HOMER, hanged in effigy! and the day being come, it was in this manner they formed the procession. Twelve beautiful boys, lightly habited in white, with purple wings representing the Hours, went on the foremost: after

ter these came a chariot exceeding high and stately, where sat one representing Apollo, with another at his feet, who in this pomp sustained the person of HOMER: Apollo's laurel had little gilded points, like the appearance of rays between its leaves: HOMER'S was bound with a blue fillet, like that which is worn by the priests of the deity: Apollo was distinguished by the golden harp he bore: HOMER, by a volume, richly beautified with horns of inlaid ivory, and tassels of silver depending from them. Behind these came three chariots, in which rode nine damsels, each of them with that instrument which is proper to each of the muses; among whom, Calliope, to give her the honour of the day, sat in the middle of the second chariot, known by her richer vestments. After these marched a solemn train aptly habited, like those sciences which acknowledge their rise or improvement from this poet. Then the men of learning who attended the court, with wreaths and rods or sceptres of laurel, as taking upon themselves the representation of Rhapsodists, to do honour, for the time, to HOMER. In the rear of all was slowly drawn along an old carriage, rather than a chariot, which had its sides artfully turned, and carved so as to bear a resemblance to the heads of snarling mastiffs. In this was borne, as led in triumph, a tall image of deformity, whose head was bald, and wound about with nettles for a chaplet. The tongue lay lolling out, to shew a contempt of mankind, and was forked at the end to confess its love to detraction. The hands were manacled behind, and the fingers armed with long nails, to cut deep through the margins of authors. Its vesture was of the paper of Nilus, bearing inscribed upon its breast in capital letters, ZOILUS the HOMERO MASTIX; and all the rest of it was scrawled with various monsters of the river, as emblems of those productions with which that critic used to fill his papers. When they had reached the temple, where the king and his court were al-

ready placed to behold them from its galleries, the image of ZOILUS was hung upon a gibbet, there erected for it, with such loud acclamations as witnessed the people's satisfaction. This being finished, the Hours knocked at the gates, which flew open, and discovered the statue of HOMER magnificently seated, with the pictures of those cities which contended for his birth, ranged in order around him. Then they who represented the deities in the procession, laying aside their ensigns of divinity, ushered in the men of learning with a sound of voices, and their various instruments, to assist at a sacrifice in honour of Apollo and his favourite HOMER.

It may be easily believed, that ZOILUS concluded his affairs were at the utmost point of desperation in Egypt; wherefore, filled with pride, scorn, anger, vexation, envy, (and whatever could torment him, except the knowledge of his unworthiness) he flung himself aboard the first ship which left that country. As it happened, the vessel he sailed in was bound for Asia Minor, and this landing him at a port the nearest to Smyrna, he was a little pleased amidst his misery to think of decrying HOMER in another place where he was adored, and which chiefly pretended to his birth. So incorrigible was his disposition, that no experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his ease and safety.

And as his experience wrought nothing on him, so neither did the omens, which the opinion of those times took for ominous warnings: for, he is reported to have seen the night he came to Smyrna, a venerable person, such as HOMER is described by antiquity, threatening him in a dream; and in the morning he found a part of his works gnawed by Mice, which, says Ælian, are of all beasts the most prophetic; insomuch that they know when to leave a house, even before its fall is suspected. Envy, which has no relaxation, still hurried him forward, for it is certainly true, that a man has not firmer resolution

tion from reason, to stand by a good principle, than obstinacy from perverted nature, to adhere to a bad one.

In the morning as he walked the street, he observed in some places inscriptions concerning HOMER, which informed him where he lived, where he had taught school, and several other particularities which the Smyrneans glory to have recorded of him; all which awakened and irritated the passions of ZOILUS. But his temper was quite overthrown, by the venerable appearance which he saw, upon entering the Homereum; which was a building composed of a library, porch and temple erected to HOMER. Here a phrenzy seized him which knew no bounds; he raved violently against the poet and all his admirers; he trampled on his works, he spurned about his commentators, he tore down his busts from the niches, threw the medals that were cast of him out of the windows, and passing from one place to another, beat the aged priests, and broke down the altar. The cries which were occasioned by this means brought in many upon him; who observed with horror how the most sacred honours of their city were prophaned by the frantic impiety of a stranger; and immediately dragged him to punishment before their magistrates, who were then sitting. He was no sooner there, but known for ZOILUS by some in court, a name a long time most hateful to Smyrna; which, as it valued itself upon the birth of HOMER, so bore more impatiently than other places, the abuses offered him. This made them eager to propitiate his shade, and claim to themselves a second merit by the death of ZOILUS; wherefore they sentenced him to suffer by fire, as the due reward of his defecrations; and ordered, that their city should be purified by a lustration, for having entertained so impious a guest. In pursuance to this sentence, he was led away, with his compositions borne before him by the public executioner: Then he was fastened to the stake, prophesying

ying all the while how many should rise to revenge his quarrel: Particularly, that when Greek should be no more a language, there shall be a nation which will both translate, H O M E R into prose, and contract him in verse. At last, his compositions were lighted to set the pile on fire, and he expired sighing for the loss of them, more than for the pain he suffered: And perhaps too, because he might foresee in his prophetic rapture, that there should arise a poet in another nation, able to do H O M E R justice, and make him known amongst his people to future ages.

Thus died this noted critic, of whom we may observe from the course of the history, that as several cities contended for the honour of the birth of H O M E R, so several have contended for the honour of the death of Z O I L U S. With whom likewise perished his great work on the Iliad, and the Odyssseys; concerning which we observe also, that as the known worth of H O M E R's poetry makes him survive himself with glory; so the bare memory of Z O I L U S's criticism makes him survive himself with infamy. These are deservedly the consequences of that ill nature which made him fond of detraction; that envy, which made him chuse so excellent a character for its objects; and those partial methods of injustice with which he treated the object he had chosen.

Yet how many commence critics after him, upon the same unhappy principles? How many labour to destroy the monuments of the dead, and summon up the great from their graves to answer for trifles before them? How many, by misrepresentations, both hinder the world from favouring men of genius, and discourage them in themselves; like boughs of a baneful and barren nature, that shoot a-cross a fruit-tree; at once to screen the sun from it, and hinder it by their droppings from producing any thing of value? But if these who thus follow Z O I L U S, meet not the same severities of fate, because they come short

short of his indefatigableness, or their object is not so universally the concern of mankind; they shall nevertheless meet a proportion of it in the inward trouble they give themselves, and the outward contempt others sling upon them: A punishment which every one has hitherto felt, who has already deserved to be called a ZOILUS; and which will always be the natural reward of such mens actions, as long as ZOILUS is the proper name of Envy.

HOMER's

21 JY 62



H O M E R's
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:
OR, THE
B A T T L E
OF THE
F R O G S and M I C E.





Names of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomile, a lick of meal.
Pternotractas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a lick of dishes.
Embasichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name from licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon eater.
Cnissodictes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

Names of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, one who swells his cheeks.
Pelus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the waters.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Seutlaus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lives in the mud.
Prasfophagus, an eater of garlic.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Praslaus, called from garlic.
Craugasides, from croaking.



H O M E R ' s

BATTLE of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K I.

✠✠✠✠ O fill my rising song with sacred fire,
✠✠ T ✠✠ Ye tuneful nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
✠✠ ✠✠ From Helicon's embow'ring height repair;
✠✠ ✠✠ Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muse records the tale to fame.

H

Once

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
 A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,
 Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring plain,
 Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
 And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
 When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
 And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,

What art thou, stranger? What the line you boast?
 What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
 With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
 If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
 And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake:
 Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable fare.
 This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
 And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
 Great Phrygiathus I, from Peleus' race,
 Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
 Whereby the nuptial bank that paints his side,
 The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
 A scepter'd king; a son of martial fame;
 Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes,
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies:

Known

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resound; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of Psycarpax lives now in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotraftus reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye,
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pale,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
'Tho' large to mine, the human form appear,
Not Man himself can finite my soul with fear.
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.

Yet have we foes that direful dangers cause,
 Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
 And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
 Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
 All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest,
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
 But me, nor stalks, nor wat'rish herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson raddish charm my sight,
 The lake resounding Frogs selected fare,
 Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
 His answer thus the croaking king address'd.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
 We sport in water, or we dance on land,
 And born amphibious, food from both command.
 But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
 And safety tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro':
 Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
 And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and fees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the Bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah safe at last! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows.
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch fees his hissing foe,
And dives to shun the fable fates below.

Forgetful Frog! The friend thy shoulders bore,
 Unskill'd in swimming, floats, remote from shore.
 He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
 And thus the prince his dying rage exprest.

Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
 As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring wreck,
 Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
 Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
 At land thy strength could never equal mine,
 At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
 But heav'n has gods and gods have searching eyes:
 Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
 His death the young Lychopinax espy'd,
 As on the flow'ry brink, he pass'd the day,
 Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
 Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat,
 The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
 Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
 And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground:
 From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
 To fix their council with the rising sun;

Where

Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains;
 Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
 For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
 Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
 And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

HOMER's



H O M E R's

B A T T L E of the F R O G S, &c.

B O O K II.

¶ § § ¶ H E N rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the
¶ § W § clouds,
¶ § § ¶ Around their Monarch-mouse the nation
¶ § § ¶ crouds,

Slow rose the sov'reign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, address'd.

For lost Psycarpax much my foul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,

Dire

Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
 And men un pitying kill'd my gallant boy!
 The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
 Plung'd in the lake by Phylignathus, dy'd.
 Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
 And bleed the monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
 And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
 In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
 The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
 Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
 Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
 The lamp's round bos affords their ample shield;
 Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
 And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
 Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
 Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
 The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
 Forake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
 And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
 When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,
 The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
 The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
 And thus his words express'd his king's command.

Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
 And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
 Their hapless Prince by Phylignathus slain,
 Extends incumbent on the watry plain.

Then

82 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear ;
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

O friends, I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head.
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way, my thoughts elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
'Till countless circles whirl the lake below ;
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd ;
Loud flash the waters, and the shores resound :
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the graves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glist'ned o'er the field:
And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in æthereal skies,
(A solem council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden seats:
The fire superior leans and points to show
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride!
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So fierce Centaurus ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bade the Gods be foes.

This

This seen, the pow'r his sacred visage rears,
 He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
 And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,
 Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
 Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind;
 Drawn forth by fav'ry steams they wind their way,
 And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
 Where while the victims gratify their taste,
 They sport to please the goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,
 But thus, resolv'd the blue-ey'd maid replies.
 In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
 To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
 My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 And rob my chrystal lamps of feeding oil.
 (Ills following ill) but what afflicts me more,
 My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
 The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
 Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
 Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
 Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
 In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
 The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
 For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
 (The gods, that use no coin, have none to give.

And

And learning's goddesses never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd, with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield,
Lo! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose,
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous odds,
Tho' gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er-gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.



H O M E R's

BATTLE of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K III.

✠✠✠✠ OW front to front the marching armies
✠✠ N ✠✠ shine,
✠✠ ✠✠ Halt ere they meet, and form the length-
✠✠✠✠ 'ning line:

The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew.

The

The luckless warrior fill'd with gen'rous flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame;
 When in his liver struck, the javelin hung;
 The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the target rung;
 Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodites cast,
 The missive spear within the bosom past;
 Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasiçhytros felt Seutlæus' dart
 Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
 But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
 And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
 And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd,
 For boastful speech and turbulence of sound,
 Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
 And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
 A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
 And fiercely flung where Troglodites fought,
 With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
 (A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
 But arts in vain elude impending fate;)
 Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
 And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
 Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;

'Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mause the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
'Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural feat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
'Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, Hydrocharis pursu'd,

'Till

'Till fall'n in death he lies, a shatt'ring stone
 Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
 His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
 And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borbocætes fights,
 A blameless Frog whom humbler life delights ;
 The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
 And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with sprightly bound,
 Bears Cnissiodortes off the rising ground,
 Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
 And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
 But now the great Psycarpax shines after,
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
 Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead ;
 His freckled corps before the victor fell,
 His soul indignant fought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
 Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,
 The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
 A load for lab'ring earth (whose bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days.)
 Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound ;
 The Frog supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
Hoarse-croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply,
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
'There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embowr'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardor young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince, that far transcends his years,
Pride of his fire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arm aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lake around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But pow'rful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began
The fire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.

What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An iliad rising from a days campaign!
How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some fav'ring deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her Ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent, on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said :
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;
Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.
Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground,
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies,
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake :
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
'Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew !
 Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
 Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
 In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go ;
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;
 Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command
 From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise ;
 Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
 With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
 Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd ;
 On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors tread,
 And either end alike supplies a head.
 These, mortal wits to call the Crabs, agree,
 The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
 The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.
 Here, short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
 There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
 Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around.
 The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
 Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
 And mad confusion thro' their host appear :
 O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
 Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But


But down Olympus to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving fun.

ZOILUS'



ZOILUS' s REMARKS.

*Ingenium magni Livor detractat Amici,
Quisquis & ex illo Zoile nomen habes.*

 MUST do my reader the justice, before I enter upon these notes of ZOILUS, to inform him, that I have not in any author met with this work ascrib'd to him by its title, which has made me not mention it in the life. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote several things besides his censure on the Iliad, which, as it gives ground for this opinion, encourages me to offer an account of the treatise.

Being acquainted with a grave gentleman, who searches after editions, purchases manuscripts, and collects copies, I applied to him for some editions of this poem, which he readily oblig'd me with. But, added he, taking down a paper, I doubt I shall discourage you from your translation, when I shew this work, which is written upon the original, by ZOILUS, the famous adversary of HOMER. ZOILUS! said I, with surprise, I thought his works had long since perish'd. They have so, answer'd he, all, except this little piece, which has a preface annexed to it accounting

counting for its preservation. It seems, when he parted from Macedon, he left this behind him where he lodged, and where no one entered for a long time, in detestation of the odiousness of his character, 'till Mævius arriving there in his travels, and being desirous to lie in the same room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the author of the preface imagines the reason of Horace's wishing Mævius, in the 10th Epode, such a shipwreck as HOMER describes; as it were with an eye to his having done something disadvantageous to that poet. From Mævius, the piece came into the hand of Carbilius Pictor, (who, when he wrote against Virgil, called his book, with a respectful imitation of ZOILUS, the *Ænodimastix*) and from him into the hands of others who are unknown, because the world applied to them no other name than that of ZOILUS, in order to sink their own in oblivion. Thus it ever found some learned philologist or critic to keep it secret, from the rage of HOMER's admirers; yet not so secret, but that it has still been communicated among the Literati. I am of opinion, that our great Scaliger borrow'd it, to work him up when he wrote so sharply against Cardan; and perhaps Le Clerc too, when he prov'd Q. Curtius ignorant of every particular branch of learning.

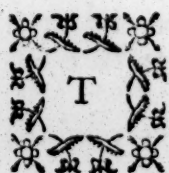
This former account made me give attention to what the book contain'd; and I must acknowledge, that whether it be his, or the work of some grammarian, it appears to be wrote in his spirit. The open profession of enmity to great geniuses, and the fear of nothing so much as that he may not be able to find faults enough, are such resemblances of his strong features, that any one might take it for his own production. To give the world a notion of this, I have made a collection of some REMARKS, which most struck me, during that short time in which I was allow'd to peruse the manuscript.



THE
REMARKS OF ZOILUS,
UPON

HOMER's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

BOOK I. Page 73. Line 1.



O fill my rising song] "As Protagoras the sophist found fault with the beginning of the Iliad, for its speaking to the Muse rather with an abrupt command, than a solemn invocation; so I, says ZOILUS, do on the other hand find fault with him for using any invocation at all before this poem, or any such trifles as he is author of: If he must use one, Protagoras is in the right; if not, I am. This I hold for true criticism, notwithstanding the opinion of Aristotle against us. Nor let any one lay a stress on Aristotle in this point; he alas! knows nothing of poetry but what he has read in HOMER; his rules are all extracted from him, or founded in him. In short, HOMER's works are the examples of Aristotle's precepts, and Aristotle's precepts the methods HOMER wrought by." From hence it is to be concluded

as the opinion of this critic, that whoever would entirely destroy the reputation of HOMER, must renounce the authority of Aristotle before-hand. The rules of building may be of service to us, if we design to judge of an edifice, and discover what may be amiss in it for the advantage of future artificers; but they are of no use to those who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the word [Song] in the first line, the original adds, [What I have written in my tablets.] These words, which are dropped in the translation as of no consequence, the great ZOILUS has thought fit to expunge; asserting for a reason, without backing it with farther proofs, That tables were not of so early invention. Now, it must be granted, this manner of proving by affirmation is of an extraordinary nature, but however it has its ends with a set of readers for which it is adapted. One part of the world knows not with what assurance another part can express itself. They imagine a reasonable creature will not have the face to say any thing which has not some shadow of reason to support it; and run implicitly into the snare which is laid for good nature, by these daring authors of definitive sentence upon bare assertion.

BOOK I. page 74. line 3 Whom Cats pursued] The Greek word here expressly signifies a Cat: ZOILUS, whom Perizonius follows, affirms, they were Weasels which the Mouse fled from; and then objects against its probability. But it is common with one sort of critics, to shew an author means differently from what he really did, and then to prove, that the meaning which they find out for him is good for nothing.

BOOK I. page 74. line 13. If worthy friendship] In this proposal begins the moral of the whole piece, which is, that hasty, ill-founded, or unnatural friendships and leagues, will naturally end in war and discord. But ZOILUS, who is here mightily concerned

to take off from HOMER all the honour of having designed a moral, asserts on the other hand, "That the poet's whole intent was to make a fable; that a fable he has made, and one very idle and trifling; that many things are ascribed to HOMER, which poor HOMER never dreamed of; and he who finds them out rather shews his own parts than discovers his author's beauties." In this opinion he has been followed by several of those critics, who only dip into authors when they have occasion to write against them: And yet even these shall speak differently concerning the design of writers, if the question be of their own performances; for to their own works they write prefaces, to display the grandness of the moral, regularity of the scheme, number and brightness of the figures, and a thousand other excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one would ever imagine. For others, they write remarks, which tend to contract their excellencies within the narrow compass of their partial apprehension. It were well if they could allow such to be as wise as themselves, whom the world allows to be much wiser: But their being naturally friends to themselves, and professedly adversaries to some greater genius, easily accounts for these different manners of speaking. I will not leave this note, without giving you an instance of its practice in the great Julius Scaliger: He has been free enough with HOMER in the remarks he makes upon him; but when he speaks of himself, I desire my reader would take notice of his modesty; I give his own words, Lib. 3. Poet. Chap. 112. In Deum Patrem Hymnum cum scriberemus tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipsius creatione ad nos nostraq; usq; duximus.—In quo abduximus animum nostrum a corporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem sanctissimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus est, ut cum lenissimis numeris esset inchoatus Hymnus, repentino divini Ignis impetu conflagavit.

BOOK I. page 75. line 15. The circled loaves.] ZOILUS here finds fault with the mention of loaves, tripes, bacon, and cheese, as words below the dignity of the Epic, "as much (says he) as it would be to have opprobrious names given in it." By which expression we easily see, he hints at the first book of the Iliad. Now, we must consider in answer, that it is a Mouse which is spoken of, that eating is the most apparent characteristic of that creature, that these foods are such as please it most; and to have described particular pleasures for it in any other way, would have been as incongruous, as to have described a haughty loud anger without those names which it throws out in its fierceness, and which raise it to its pitch of phrenzy. In the one instance you still see a Mouse before you, however the poet raises it to a man; in the other you shall see a man before you; however the poet raises him to a demi-god. But some call that low, which others call natural. Every thing has two handles, and the critic who sets himself to censure all he meets, is under an obligation still to lay hold on the worst of them.

BOOK I. page 76. line 9. But me, nor stalks.] In this place ZOILUS laughs at the ridiculousness of the poet, who (according to his representation) makes a prince refuse an invitation in heroics, because he did not like the meat he was invited to. And, that the ridicule may appear in as strong a light to others as to himself, he puts as much of the speech as concerns it into burlesque airs and expressions. This is indeed a common trick with remarkers, which they either practise by precedent from their master ZOILUS, or are beholden for it to the same turn of temper. We acknowledge it a fine piece of satire when there is folly in a passage, to lay it open in the way by which it naturally requires to be exposed: Do this handsomely, and the author is deservedly a jest. If, on the contrary, you dress a passage which was not originally foolish, in the highest humour

mour of ridicule, you only frame something which the author himself might laugh at, without being more nearly concerned than another reader.

BOOK I. page 77. line 15. So pass'd Europa.] This simile makes ZOILUS, who set up for a professed enemy of fables, to exclaim violently. "We had, says he, a Frog and a Mouse hitherto, and now we get a bull and a princess to illustrate their actions: when will there be an end of this fabling-folly and poetry, which I value myself for being unaquainted with? O great Polycrates, how happily hast thou observed in thy accusation against Socrates, that whatever he was before, he deserved his poison when he began to make verses!" Now, if the question be concerning HOMER's good or bad poetry, this is an unqualifying speech, which affords his friends just ground of exception against the critic. Wherefore be it known to all present and future censors, who have, or shall presume to glory in an ignorance of poetry, and at the same time take upon them to judge poets, that they are in all their degrees for ever excluded the post they would usurp. In the first place, they who know neither the use, nor practice of the art; in the second, they who know it but by halves, who have hearts insensible of the beauties of poetry, and are however able to find fault by rules; and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving beauties and pointing out defects, are still so ignorant in the nature of their business, as to imagine the province of criticism extends itself only on the side of dispraise and reprehension. How could any one at this rate be seen with his proper balance of perfection and error? or what were the best performances in this indulgence of ill nature, but as apartments hung with the deformities of humanity, done by some great hand, which are the more to be abhorred, because the praise and honour they receive, result from the degree of uneasiness, to which they put every temper of common goodness?

BOOK I. page 78. line 16. Ye Mice, ye Mice.] The antients believed that heroes were turned into demi-gods at their death; and in general, that departing souls have something of a sight into futurity. It is either this notion or a care which the Gods may take to abate the pride of insulting adversaries, which a poet goes upon, when he makes his leaders die foretelling the end of those by whom they are slain. ZOILUS however is against this passage. He says, "that every character ought to be strictly kept; that a general ought not to invade the character of a prophet, nor a prophet of a general." He is positive, "that nothing should be done by any one, without having been hinted at in some previous account of him." And this he asserts, without any allowance made either for a change of states, or the design of the Gods. To confirm this observation, he strengthens it with a quotation out of his larger work on the Iliads, where he has these words upon the death of Hector: "How foolish is it in HOMER to make Hector (who through the whole course of the Iliad had made use of Helenus, to learn the will of the gods) become a prophet just at his death? Let every one be what he ought, without falling into those parts which others are to sustain in a poem." This he has said, not distinguishing rightly between our natural dispositions and accidental offices. And this he has said again, not minding, that though it be taken from another book, it is still from the same author. However, vanity loves to gratify itself by the repetition of what it esteems to be written with spirit, and even when we repeat it ourselves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been followed by a magisterial set of men who quoted themselves, and swell their new performances with what they admire in their former treatises. This is a most extraordinary knack of arguing, whereby a man can never want a proof, if he be allowed to become an authority for his own opinion.

BOOK I. page 79. line 6. And no kind billow.]
“How impertinent is this case of pity says, ZOILUS, to bemoan, that the prince was not tossed towards land: it is enough he lost his life, and there is an end of his suffering where there is an end of his feeling. To carry the matter farther, is just the same foolish management as HOMER has shewn in his Iliads, which he spins out in forty trifles beyond the death of Hector.” But the critic must allow me to put the readers in mind, that death was not the last distress the antients believed was to be met upon earth. The last was the remaining unburied, which had this misery annexed, that while the body was without its funeral-rites in this world, the soul was supposed to be without rest in the next. Which was the case of the Mouse before us. And accordingly the Ajax of Sophocles continues after the death of its hero more than an act, upon the contest concerning his burial. All this ZOILUS knew very well: But ZOILUS is not the only one, who disputes for victory rather than truth. These foolish critics write even things they themselves can answer, to shew how much they can write against an author. They act unfairly, that they may be sure to be sharp enough; and trifle with the reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needless to wish them the return they deserve: Their disregard to candour is no sooner discovered, but they are for ever banished from the eyes of men of sense, and condemned to wander from stall to stall, for a temporary refuge from that oblivion which they cannot escape.

BOOK II. page 80. line 9. Our eldest perished.]
ZOILUS has here taken the recapitulation of those misfortunes which happened to the royal family, as an impertinence that expatiates from the subject; tho’ indeed there seems nothing more proper to raise that sort of compassion, which was to enflame his audience to war. But what appears extremely pleasant is, that at the same time he condemns the passage, he should make use of it as an opportunity, to fall into
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an ample digression on the various kinds of mouse traps, and display that minute learning which every critic of his sort is found to shew himself master of. This they imagine is tracing of knowledge thro' its hidden veins, and bringing discoveries to day-light, which time had covered over. Indefatigable and useless mortals! who value themselves for knowledge of no consequence, and think of gaining applause by what the reader is careful to pass over unread. What did the disquisition signify formerly, whether Ulysses's son, or his dog, was the elder? or how can the account of a vesture, or a player's masque, deserve that any should write the bulk of a treatise, or others read it when it is written; a vanity thus poorly supported, which neither affords pleasure nor profit, is the unsubstantial amusement of a dream to ourselves, and a provoking occasion of our derision to others.

BOOK II. page 81. line 11. Quills aptly bound — faced with the plunder of a cat they flayed.] This passage is something difficult in the original, which gave ZŒILUS the opportunity of inventing an expression, which his followers conceitedly use when any thing appears dark to them. This, say they, let Phœbus explain; as if what exceeds their capacity must of necessity demand oracular interpretations, and an interposition of the god of wit and learning. The basis of such arrogance is the opinion they have of that knowledge they ascribe to themselves. They take criticism to be beyond every other part of learning, because it gives judgment upon books written in every other part. They think in consequence, that every critic must be a greater genius than any author whom he censures; and therefore if they esteem themselves critics, they set enthroned infancy at the head of literature. Criticism indeed deserves a noble elogy, when it is enlarged by such a comprehensive learning as Aristotle and Cicero were masters of; when it adorns its precepts with the consummate exactness

actness of Quintilian, or is exalted into the sublime sentiments of Longinus. But let not such men tell us they participate in the glory of these great men, and place themselves next to Phœbus, who, like ZOILUS, entangle an author in the wrangles of grammarians, or try him with a positive air and barren imagination, by the set of rules they have collected out of others.

BOOK II. page 81. line 25. Ye frogs, the Mice.] At this speech of the heralds, which recites the cause of the war, ZOILUS is angry with the author, for not finding out a cause entirely just; "for, says he, it appears not from his own fable, that Phrygnathus invited the prince with any malicious intention to make him away." To this we answer, 1st, That it is not necessary in relating facts, to make every war have a just beginning. 2dly, This doubtful cause agrees better with the moral, by shewing that ill-founded leagues have accidents to destroy them, even without the intention of parties. 3dly, There was all appearance imaginable against the Frogs; and if we may be allowed to retort on our adversary the practice of his posterity, there is more humanity in an hostility proclaimed upon the appearance of injustice done us, than in their custom of attacking the works of others as soon as they come out, purely because they are esteemed to be good. Their performances, which could derive no merit from their own names, are then sold upon the merit of their antagonist; and if they are sensible of fame, or even of envy, they have the mortification to remember, how much by this means they became indebted to those they injure.

BOOK II. page 82. line 17. Where high the banks.] This project is not put in practice during the following battle, by reason of the fury of the combatants: Yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this place, for as much as the probable face of success which it carries with it, tended to animate the Frogs. ZOILUS however cannot be satisfied; "It were

were better, says he, to cut it entirely out, nor would HOMER be the worse if half of him were served in the same manner; so, continues he, they will find it, whoever in any country shall hereafter undertake so odd a task, as that of translating him. Thus envy finds words to put in the mouth of ignorance; and the time will come, when ignorance shall repeat what envy has pronounced so rashly.

BOOK II. page 83. line 9. And tap'ring sea-reed.] If we here take the reed for that of our own growth, it is no spear to match the long sort of needles, with which the Mice had armed themselves; but the cane, which is rather intended, has its splinters stiff and sharp, to answer all the uses of a spear in battle. Nor is it here to be lightly passed over, since ZOTILUS moves a question upon it, that the poet could not choose a more proper weapon for the Frogs, than that which they choose for themselves in a defensive war they maintain with the serpents of Nile. "They have this stratagem, says Ælian, to protect themselves; they swim with pieces of cane across their mouths, of too great a length for the breadth of the serpents throats; by which means they are preserved from being swallowed by them." This is a quotation so much to the point, that I ought to have ushered in my author with more pomp to dazzle the reader. ZOTILUS and his followers, who seldom praise any man, are however careful to do it for their own sakes, if at any time they get an author of their own opinion: Tho' indeed it must be allowed, they still have a drawback in their manner of praise, and rather choose to drop the name of their man, or darkly hint him in a periphrasis, than to have it appear that they have directly assisted the perpetuating of any one's memory. Thus, if a Dutch critic were to introduce for example Martial, he would, instead of naming him, say, Ingeniosus ille Epigrammaticus Bilbilicus. Or, if one of our own were to quote from among ourselves, he would
tell

tell us how it has been remarked in the works of a learned writer, to whom the world is obliged for many excellent productions, &c. All which proceeding is like boasting of our great friends, when it is to do ourselves an honour, or the shift of dressing up one who might otherwise be disregarded, to make him pass upon the world for a responsible voucher to our own assertions.

BOOK II. page 83. line 13. But now where Jove's.] At this fine episode, in which the gods are introduced, ZOILUS has no patience left him to remark; but runs some lines with a long string of such expressions as trisler, fabler, liar, foblish, impious, all which he lavishly heaps upon the poet. From this knack of calling names, joined with the several arts of finding fault, it is to be suspected, that our ZOILUS's might make very able libellers, and dangerous men to the government, if they did not rather turn themselves to be ridiculous censors: For which reason I cannot but reckon the state obliged to men of wit; and under a kind of debt in gratitude, when they take off so much spleen, turbulence, and ill-nature, as might otherwise spend itself to the detriment of the public.

BOOK II. page 84. line 5. If my daughter's mind.] This speech, which Jupiter speaks to Pallas with a pleasant kind of air, ZOILUS takes gravely to pieces; and affirms, "It is below Jupiter's wisdom, and only agreeable with HOMER's folly, that she should borrow a reason for her assisting the Mice from their attendance in the temple, when they waited to prey upon those things which were sacred to her." But the air of the speech rendering a grave answer unnecessary, I shall offer ZOILUS an observation in return for his. There are upon the stone that is carved for the apotheosis of HOMER, figures of Mice by his foot-stool, which, according to Cuperus, its interpreters, some have taken to signify this poem; and others those critics, who tear or vilify the works of
great

great men. Now, if such can be compared to Mice, let the words of Z O I L U S be brought home to himself and his followers for their mortification: "That no one ought to think of meriting in the state of learning only by debasing the best performances, and as it were preying upon those things which should be sacred in it."

BOOK II. page 84. line 13. In vain my father.] The speech of Pallas is disliked by Z O I L U S, because it makes the goddess carry a resentment against such inconsiderable creatures; though he ought to esteem them otherwise when they represent the persons and actions of men, and teach us how the gods disregard those in their adversity who provoke them in their prosperity. But, if we consider Pallas as the patroness of learning, we may by an allegorical application of the Mice and Frogs, find in this speech two sorts of enemies to learning; they who are maliciously mischievous, as the Mice; and they who are turbulent thro' ostentation, as the Frogs. The first are enemies to excellency upon principles; the second accidentally by the error of self-love, which does not quarrel with the excellence itself, but only with those people who get more praise than themselves by it. Thus, tho' they have not the same perverseness with the others, they are however drawn into the same practices, while they ruin reputations, lest they should not seem to be learned; as some women turn prostitutes, lest they should not be thought handsome enough to have admirers.

BOOK III. page 86. line 5. Their dreadful trumpets.] Upon the reading of this, Z O I L U S becomes full of discoveries. He recollects, that H O M E R makes his Greeks come to battle with silence, and his Trojans with shouts, from whence he discovers, that he knew nothing of trumpets. Again, he sees, that the Hornet is made a trumpeter to the battle, and hence he discovers, that the line must not be H O M E R's. Now had he drawn his consequences fairly,

fairly, he could only have found by the one, that trumpets were not in use at the taking of Troy; and by the other, that the battle of Frogs and Mice was laid by the poet for a later scene of action than that of the Iliad. But the boast of discoveries accompanies the affectation of knowledge; and the affectation of knowledge is taken up with a design to gain a command over the opinions of others. It is too heavy a task for some critics to sway our judgments by rational inferences; a pompous pretence must occasion admiration, the eyes of mankind must be obscured by a glare of pedantry, that they may consent to be led blindfold, and permit that an opinion should be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reasoned into it.

BOOK III. page 87. line 14. Big Seutlæus tumbling.] ZOILUS has happened to brush the dust off some old manuscript, in which the line that kills Seutlæus is wanting. And for this cause he fixes a general conclusion, "that there is no dependance upon any thing which is handed down for HOMER'S, so as to allow it praise; since the different copies vary amongst themselves." But is it fair in ZOILUS, or any of his followers, to oppose one copy to a thousand? and are they impartial who would pass this upon us for an honest balance of evidence? When there is such an inequality on each side, is it not more than probable that the number carry the author's sense in them, and the single one its transcriber's errors? It is folly or madness of passion to be thus given over to partiality and prejudices. Men may flourish as much as they please concerning the value of a new found edition, in order to bias the world to particular parts of it; but in a matter easily decided by common sense, it will still continue of its own opinion.

BOOK III. page 89. line 5. With Borbocætes fights.] Through the grammatical part of ZOILUS'S work he frequently rails at HOMER for his dialects. "These, says he in one place, the poet made use of
L because

because he could not write pure Greek ;” and in another, “ they strangely contributed to his fame, by making several cities who observed something of their own in his mixed language, contend for his being one of their natives.” Now since I have here practised a licence in imitation of his, by shortening the word *Bor-bocætes* a whole syllable, it seems a good opportunity to speak for him where I defend myself. Remember then, that any great genius who introduces poetry into a language, has a power to polish it, and of all the manners of speaking then in use, to settle that for poetical which he judges most adapted to the art. Take notice too, that *HOMER* has not only done this for necessity but for ornament, since he uses various dialects to humour his sense with sounds which are expressive of it. Thus much in behalf of my author to answer *ZOILUS*. As for myself, who deal with his followers, I must argue from necessity, that the word was stubborn, and, would not ply to the quantities of an English verse, and therefore I altered it by the dialect we call poetical; which makes my line so much smoother, that I am ready to cry with their brother *Lipsius*, when he turned an *O* into an *I*, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit Phœbus, quando hoc correxī.* To this let me add a recrimination upon some of them. As first, such as choose words written after the manner of those who preceded the purest age of a language, without the necessity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perduit* for *perdidit*, which restoration of obsolete words deserves to be called a critical licence or dialect. 2dly, Those who pretending to verse without an ear, use the poetical dialect of abbreviation, so that the lines shall run the rougher for it. And 3dly, Those who presume by their critical licences to alter the spellings of words; an affectation which destroys the etymology of a language, and being carried on by private hands for fancy or fashion, would be a thing we should never have an end of.

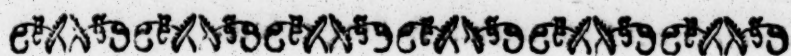
BOOK III. page 92 line 3. *Nor Pallas Jove.*] “ I cannot, says *ZOILUS*, but reflect upon this speech of
Mars,

Mars, where a Mouse is opposed to the god of war, the goddess of valour, the thunder of Jupiter, and all the gods at once; but I rejoice to think that Pythagoras saw HOMER's soul in hell hanging on a tree, and surrounded with serpents for what he said of the gods." Thus he who hates fables answers one with another, and can rejoice in them when they flatter his envy. He appears at the head of his squadron of critics, in the full spirit of one utterly devoted to a party; with whom truth is a lye, or as bad as a lye, when it makes against him; and false quotations pass for truth, when they are necessary to a cause.

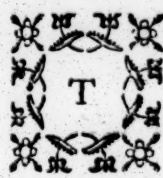
BOOK III. page 94. line 3. And a whole war.] "Here, says ZOILUS, is an end of a very foolish poem, of which by this time I have effectually convinced the world, and silenced all such for the future; who, like HOMER, write fables to which others find morals, characters whose justness is questioned, unnecessary digressions, and impious episodes." But what assurance can such as ZOILUS have, that the world will ever be convinced against an established reputation, by such people whose faults in writing are so very notorious? who judge against rules, affirm without reasons, and censure without manners? who quote themselves for a support of their opinions, found their pride upon a learning in trifles, and their superiority upon the claims they magisterially make? who write of beauties in a harsh style, judge of excellency with a lowness of spirit, and pursue their desire to decry it with every artifice of envy? There is no disgrace in being censured, where there is no credit to be favoured. But, on the contrary, envy gives a testimony of some perfection in another; and one who is attacked by many, is like a hero whom his enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the spears of battle against him. In short, an author who writes for every age, may even erect himself a monument of those stones which envy throws at him: While the critic who writes against him can have no fame,

because he has no success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he should remember, that by the nature of his undertaking he would but undermine his own foundation; for he is to sink of course when the book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in disrepute or oblivion.





To Mr. P O P E.

 O praise, yet still with due respect to
 praise,
 A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The learn'd to shew, the sensible com-
 mend,

Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
 What musick tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
 Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
 The brightest antients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excel,
 In candid arts to play the critic well.

Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor-forest sees a gliding stream,
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by the muse the envy of the fair;

Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,
 Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods,
 The new machines in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the chymic fool.
 But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart :
 The Graces stand in sight ; a Satyr train
 Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
 And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse,
 To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphinis he,
 While some old Damon o'er the vulgar wife
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.
 Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail !
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees ;
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,
 Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
 Be hush'd, ye winds ! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his antient heat,
 He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight,
 Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
 In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night,
 Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, The mines were here :
 Shou'd some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread ;
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
 Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n her I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1917

PRICE, \$2.00

Subscription price, \$10.00 per annum in advance.

Single copies, 50 cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 26, 1911.

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Part of the first Canto of the RAPE of the
LOCK.

AND now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
A Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent
adores

With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestesses, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs



A TRANSLATION of part of the first canto
of the Rape of the Lock, into Leonine
verse, after the manner of the antient
Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more resectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ se purgat candida nympha;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissâ apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ;
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia peçtit;
Atque elephas lentè, te peçtit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, niveï Jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet & mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, & epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;

Jam

120 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround her darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair.
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.



HEALTH,

Jam reparat risus, jam furgit gratia visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magnè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
 Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.



M

HEALTH.



HEALTH. An ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,
 And print long foot-steps in the glittering grass;
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd thro',
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
 There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
 Here let my breast, thro' quiv'ring trees, inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I;
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,

The

The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :
 High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
 Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
 With various prospects gratify the sight,
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
 But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.

Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace ;
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train ;
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
 And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lye softning 'till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unnerv'd with rest ; and turn her own disease,
 Or foster others in luxurious ease :
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds ;
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
 And shake the saplings with their branching head ;

124 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers;
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer seat I dress,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;

Or

Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
 Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
 These soft amusements bring content along,
 And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song,
 Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.



The FLIES. An ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
 And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
 A youth, whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,
 Each bird, and insect spoke as well as he,
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way,
 Where flow'ring hawthorn broke the sunny ray,
 And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
 A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
 Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
 Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
 But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day;
 There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
 Whose answ'ring branches regularly laid
 Put forth their answ'ring boughs, and proudly rise
 Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
 An airy nation of the Flies retreat ;
 Some in soft air their filken pinions ply,
 And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
 Some rise, and circling light to perch again ;
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
 So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
 (If great and small are like) appear the Beaux,
 In boxes some with spruce pretension fit,
 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
 Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam ;
 Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say
 Deserves attention) raised the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
 Joyful I flew by young Fayonia's side,
 Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
 The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
 I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
 And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup ;
 'Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above :
 Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love.
 Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
 And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone on orbs of dew,
 I wasted soft with Zephyretta flew ;

Saw

Saw the clean pail, and fought the milky chear,
 While little Daphne seized my roving dear.
 Wretch that I was! I might have warned the dame,
 Yet sat indulging as the danger came,
 But the king huntress left her free to soar:
 Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms,
 The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
 The swains their love in easy music breathe,
 When tongues and tumults stun the fields beneath.
 Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,
 Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
 They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
 Press'd by the cumb'rous weight of single grains.
 The Flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
 The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
 Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,
 And thence unwearied part in search of more.
 Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
 And the small cities loftiest point ascends,
 Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
 And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
 These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
 Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove and love,
 Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove,
 Let bards to business bend their vig'rous wing,
 And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:

Else;

128 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Else, when the flow'rets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's speech, and fell to sing again.



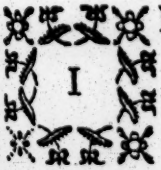
AN



A N

E L E G Y,

To an old BEAUTY.


 N vain, poor nymph, to please our youth-
 ful sight,
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the
 night,

Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
 If truth in spite of manners must be told,
 Why really fifty five is something old.

Once you were young ; or one, whose life's so long
 She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
 And once (since envy's dead before you die,)
 The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
 Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple lip —

To

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red ;
 Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
 And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
 So parting summer bids her flow'ry prime
 Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime ;
 While withering seasons in succession, here,
 Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou (since nature bids) the world resign,
 'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
 With more address, (or such as pleases more)
 She runs her female exercises o'er,
 Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
 And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
 With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
 In sideling courtesy she drops the glass:
 With better strength, on visit-days she bears
 To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
 Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue,
 Are sure to conquer, — for the rogue is young ;
 And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
 We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
 The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
 'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
 And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,

If not from virtue, from its gravest ways,
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
 But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
 As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
 Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
 Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
 Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
 Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,
 (Their trembling lustre shews how much you shake;)
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
 So for the rest, with less encumbrance hung,
 You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young;
 And view the shade and substance as you pass,
 With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
 Or folly drest, and rambling all her days,
 To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
 Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
 The wise Athenian cross'd a glitt'ring fair,
 Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
 Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
 Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
 And "What a world I never want?" he cries;

But

But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
 So part the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:
 As careless he for them, as they for him;
 He wrapt in Wisdom, and they whirl'd by Whim.



The BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
 The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,
 Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
 (As fame reports it) with the Gods.
 Him frantic hunger wildly drives
 Against a thousand authors lives:
 Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
 Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
 With horns without, and tusks within,
 And scales to serve him for a skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the bards of antient time,
 Or down the vale of fancy go
 To tear some modern wretch below:
 On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat:
 We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
 But who the shelter's forc'd to give,
 'Tis sacred Virgil as I live!

From

From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.

Infatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His Roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies:
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the Priest, my desk the Shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that ~~Dennis~~ writ;
You reach'd me Ph^{il}lip's rustick strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come bind the victim,——there he lies,
 And here between his num'rous eyes
 This venerable dust I lay,
 From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
 (For the libation's yet to make)
 A health to poets! all their days;
 May they have bread, as well as praise;
 Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In papers fill'd with party-rage.
 But if their riches spoil their vein,
 Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
 With which my tuneful pens are made.
 I strike the scale that arms thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the wound;
 The sacred altar floats with red,
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
 This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
 Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
 To see what dangers threat the year:
 Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench?
 What lean translations from the French?

'Tis

"Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shad we—ll's second bays,
Or T——— ! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye fair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of D———y do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe, in which the deed was done,
" These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on these shelves, the Muses feat.
" Here Ignorance and Hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
" Here Ignorance and Hunger fell ;
" Two foes in one I sent to hell.
" Ye poets, who my labours see,
" Come share the triumph all with me !
" Ye Critics ! born to vex the Muse,
" Go mourn the grand ally you lose.



An ALLEGORY on MAN.

A Thoughtful being, long and spare,
 Our race of mortals call him Care :
 (Were Homer living, well he knew
 What name the Gods have call'd him too)
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,
 And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This being by a model bred
 In Jove's eternal fable head,
 Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
 And be the worldling here beneath.

The Man rose flaring, like a stake ;
 Wondering to see himself awake !
 Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The business he was made to do ;
 That pleas'd to see with what a grace
 He gravely shew'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty nod,
 Which ever binds a poet's God :

(For

(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
 And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake :)
 He saw old mother Earth arise,
 She stood confess'd before his eyes ;
 But not with what we read she wore,
 A castle for a crown before,
 Nor with long streets and longer roads
 Dangling behind her, like commodores :
 As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
 And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
 Then thrice she rais'd, (as Ovid said)
 And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cry'd,
 This thing was fashion'd from my side ;
 His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;
 Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay rather ask, the monarch said,
 What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
 Were what I gave remov'd away ?
 Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves ! cry'd honest Care,
 Your pleas wou'd make your titles fair,
 You claim the body, you the soul,
 But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
 On such a trivial cause, as man.
 And can celestial tempers rage?
 (Quoth Virgil in a latter age.)

As thus they wrangled. Time came by;
 (There's none that paint him such as I,
 For what the fabling Antients sung
 Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
 As yet his winters had not shed
 Their silver honours on his head;
 He just had got his pinions free
 From his old fire Eternity.
 A serpent girdled round he wore,
 The tail within the mouth before;
 By which our almanacks are clear
 That learned Egypt meant the year.
 A staff he carry'd, where on high
 A glass was fix'd to measure by,
 As amber boxes made a show
 For heads of canes an age ago.
 His vest, for day, and night, was py'd;
 A bending fickle arm'd his side;
 And spring's new months his train adorn;
 The other seasons were unborn.

Known

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where since his Hours a dial made;)
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.

Since body from the parent earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
'Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,

And

140 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And anger burn, dejection chill,
 And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
 'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
 Time draws the long destructive blow;
 And wasted man, whose quick decay
 Comes hurrying on before the day,
 Shall only find, by this decree,
 The soul flies sooner back to me.



An Imitation of some FRENCH VERSES.

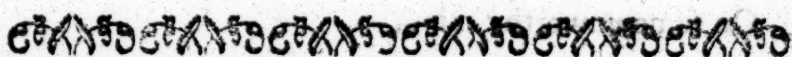
Relentless Time! destroying pow'r,
 Whom stone and brass obey,
 Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
 To work some new decay;
 Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
 Thy secret saps prevail,
 And ruin man, a nice machine,
 By nature form'd to fail.
 My change arrives; the change I meet,
 Before I thought it nigh;
 My Spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
 And all their beauties die.
 In age I search, and only find
 A poor unfruitful gain,
 Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
 Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My

My ignorance cou'd once beguile,
 And fancy'd joys inspire;
 My errors cherish'd hope to smile
 On newly-born desire.
 But now experience shews, the bliss
 For which I fondly fought,
 Not worth the long impatient wish,
 And ardour of the thought.
 My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
 (In all her pomp she shone)
 And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
 To make her gift my own:
 But when I saw the blessings show'r
 On some unworthy mind,
 I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
 Was justly painted blind.
 I pass'd the glories which adorn
 The splendid courts of kings,
 And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
 I rose to scorn the things.
 My manhood felt a vig'rous fire
 By love increas'd the more;
 But years with coming years conspire
 To break the chains I wore.
 In weakness safe, the sex I see
 With idle lustre shine;
 For what are all their joys to me,
 Which cannot now be mine?

But

But hold — I feel my gout decrease,
 My troubles laid to rest,
 And truths which wou'd disturb my peace,
 Are painful truths at best.
 Vainly the time I have to roll
 In sad reflection flies;
 Ye fondling passions of my soul!
 Ye sweet deceits! arise.
 I wisely change the scene within,
 To things that us'd to please;
 In pain, philosophy is spleen,
 In health, 'tis only ease.



A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,

While

While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangle snow
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-fad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possess,
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osiers bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisels slender help to fame,
(Which e'er our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away.)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lye,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These (all the poor remains of state)
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
 Who live on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crouds,
 And all with sober accent cry,
 "Think, mortal, what it is to dye."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
 That bathes the charnel house with dew,
 Methinks I hear a voice begin;
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
 How great a king of fears am I!

They

They view me like the last of things :
 They make, and then they dread, my stings.
 Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
 No more my spectre-form appears:
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man wou'd ever pass to God :
 A port of calms, a state of ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing fable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypresses, mourning poles,
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 When e'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :
 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few, and evil years, they waste :
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

O

A HYMN



A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky,
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart with grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)

Amusing

Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground ;
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its form below ;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Oh, lovely, lasting peace appear !
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest'd,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd :
 It seem'd, as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the grace,
 When thus she spoke — Go rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,
 Know God ——— and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow :
 Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest,

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat ;
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy :
 Rais'd as antient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight ;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song :
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy, or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.



The HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well :
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice shou'd triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its watry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
 Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,

150 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
'Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd;
Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stand an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;

Nature

Nature in silence bid the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive ; the liv'ry'd servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good,
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,
 Glift'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seem'd the fire ; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wilely partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat;
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gulls with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why shou'd such, (within himself he cry'd,)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought,
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
 Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From him you come, from him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd the calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
 And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :

His

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His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passions grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to voice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
 These charms, success in our bright regions find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel——Thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to ist!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

P

Thus

158 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Thus artifts melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loofe from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the parent, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back ?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal !
And what a fund of charity wou'd fail !

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind : This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;

The

The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, fought his antient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



21 JY 64



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
D I F F E R E N T S T Y L E S
O F
P O E T R Y.

— Vatibus addere calcar,
Ut Studio majore petant Heliconæ virentem.





P R E F A C E.

ALLEGORY is in itself so retired a way of writing, that it was thought proper to say something beforehand concerning this piece, which is entirely fram'd upon it.

The design, therefore, is to shew the several styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavoured to write in verse. The scheme by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian poet couching his observations or instructions within an allegory; which allegory is wrought out upon the single word flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: Here wit is made to be Pegasus, and the poet his rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious styles, and arrives at last at the sublime.

This way of writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed, but it has been thought also one of the first that the poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the heathen gods, which at first were invented to insinuate truth and morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the heathen divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a poetical genius may yet appear as an original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to antiquity for those excellent compositions by which writers at present form their minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to observe
their

P R E F A C E.

their manner. For if we preclude our own invention, poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories; and the utmost character to which a genius can arrive, will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the antients. There have been poets among ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that invention is not bounded by what has been done before, they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from writing without schemes.

As for what relates any further particularly to this poem, the reader will observe, that its aim is instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties which happen to many who write poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: And perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it, may afford hints towards forming a genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the poem is useful; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excused.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E

Different Styles of POETRY.

T O

HENRY, Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.

HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind,
Heart uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.
Hence, ye prophane, I raise the sounding
string,

And BOLINGBROKE descends to hear me sing.
When Greece cou'd truth in mystick fable shroud,
And with delight instruct the list'ning crowd,
An antient poet (time has lost his name)
Deliver'd strains in verse to future fame,
Still as he sung he touch'd the trembling lyre,
And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.
Ye sweet'ning graces in the musick throng,
Assist my genius, and retrieve the song

From

166 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

From dark oblivion, see, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the poem rose.

Wit is the muses horse, and bears on high
The daring rider to the muses sky :
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries, ♡
By regions varying in their nature, flies.

At first he riseth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,
Where only weeds from heavy labours grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show.
When couplets jingling on their accent run,
Whose point of epigram is sunk to pun.
Where wings * by fancy never feather'd fly :
Where lines by measure form'd in hatches lie :
Where altars stand, erected porches gape,
And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to shape :
Where mean acrosticks labour'd in a frame,
On scatter'd letters raise a painful scheme ;
And by confinement in their work controul
The great enlargings of the boundless soul.
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Wou'd all the brightest strokes of verse require,
Then sleight in Anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeserving praises too ;

While

* These, and the like conceits, of putting poems into several shapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old poets of most languages.

While on the rack his poor disjointed name
 Must tell its master's character to fame.
 And (if my fire and fears aright presage)
 The lab'ring writers of a future age
 Shall clear new ground, and grotts, and caves repair,
 To civilize the babbling echoes there.
 Then while a lover treads a lonely walk,
 His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
 The closing sounds of all the vain device,
 Select by trouble, frivolously nice,
 Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
 Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
 Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
 Can any muse the worthless toil befriend?
 Ye sacred virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
 Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd!
 If tricks and words acquire an endless name,
 And trifles merit in the court of fame.

“ At this the poet stood concern'd a while,
 “ And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
 “ Then other images of different kind,
 “ With diff'rent workings enter'd on his mind;
 “ At whose approach he felt the former gone,
 “ And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on.”

By a cold region next the rider goes,
 Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
 Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
 To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.

Bleak

Bleak level realm, where frigid stiles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is poetry defin'd ;
And starv'd conceits that chill the reader's mind.
A little sense in many words imply,
And drag with loit'ring numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious speeches half asleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep ;
Nor ever shew the passions well exprest,
Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
In measures void of ev'ry shining grace ;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetick story paint the shield ;
Nor fix the crest, or make the feathers wave,
Or with their characters reward the brave ;
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
And fail to profit while they fail to please.
Here forc'd description is so strangely wrought,
It never stamps its image on the thought ;
The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,
And rivers stop, for aught the readers care ;
They see no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of encreasing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And shake the shadows of the boughs below.
Ah sacred verse, replete with heav'nly flame,
Such cold endeavours wou'd invade thy name !

The

The writer fondly wou'd in these survive,
 Which wanting spirit never seem'd alive :
 But if applause or fame attend his pen,
 Let breathless statues pass for breathing men.

“ Here seem'd the finger touch'd at what he sung,
 “ And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue :
 “ But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
 “ And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again.”

Pass the next region, which appears to show,
 'Tis very open, unimprov'd and low ;
 No noble flights of elevated thought,
 No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
 Possess this realm, but common turns are there,
 Which idly sportive move with childish air.
 On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
 The little fancies in a poem rise,
 The jaded reader every where to strike,
 And move his passions ev'ry where alike.
 There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
 Where any water bubbles in the way :
 There shaggy satyrs are oblig'd to rove
 In all the fields, and over all the grove :
 There ev'ry star is summon'd from its sphere,
 To dress one face, and make Clarinda fair :
 There Cupids fling their darts in ev'ry song,
 While nature stands neglected all along :

Q

'Till

'Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
 One constant object still assault the mind,
 Admires no more at what's no longer new,
 And hastes to shun the persecuting view.
 There bright surprises of poetick rage,
 (Whose strength and beauty more confirm'd in age
 For having lasted, last the longer still)
 By weak attempts are imitated ill,
 Or carry'd on beyond their proper light,
 Or with refinement flourish'd out of sight.
 There metaphors on metaphors abound,
 And sense by diff'ring images confound :
 Strange injudicious management of thought,
 Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
 Ah, sacred muse! from such a realm retreat ;
 Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
 On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,
 And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies.

“ Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
 “ Which something lab'ring in the mind controul'd,
 “ And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
 “ While thus with musick's stronger tones he sings.”
 Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,
 Mind, the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat ;
 Nor let him touch the realms that next appear,
 Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear,
 And strangely stand along the tracts of air,
 Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.

The

The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
 The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
 For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
 And stand elected by the publick voice.
 All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
 At once with strange and probable design;
 'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
 That bears the least respect to seeming true;
 While ev'ry trifling turn of things is seen
 To move by Gods descending in machine.
 Here swelling lines with stalking struts proceed,
 " And in the clouds terrifick rumblings breed:
 " Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
 " And armies perish in tremendous sound:
 " Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
 " In such a tumult as affrights the sky;
 " For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,
 " And Neptune lift his sedgy matted head,
 " Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,
 " And seek his deepest chambers in the sea."
 To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
 And false extravagance wou'd fain surprise;
 Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
 And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here:
 But with compassion guard the brain of men,
 If thus they bellow through the poet's pen:
 So will the reader's eyes discern aright
 The raisteft fallacy from the noblest flight,
 And find that only boast and sound agree
 To seem the life and voice of majesty,

When writers rampant on Apollo call
 And bid him enter and possess them all,
 And make his flames afford a wild pretence
 To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense,
 Ah, sacred verse! lest reason quit thy seat,
 Give none to such, or give a gentle heat:
 " 'Twas here the singer felt his temper wrought
 " By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
 " And in himself a while collected sat,
 " And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
 " 'Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
 " And then he took their track, and thus began.

Above the beauties, far above the show
 In which weak NATURE dresses here below,
 Stands the great palace of the bright and fine,
 Where fair ideas in full glory shine,
 Eternal models of exalted parts,
 The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

Upon the first arrival here, are seen
 Rang'd walks of Bay, the muses ever-green,
 Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
 Whose circling shade adorn'd a poet's brow,
 While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,
 The gentle breathing of applauses flies,
 And flatt'ring sounds are heard within the breeze,
 And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,
 And falls of water join the flatt'ring sounds,
 And murmur soft'ning from the shore rebounds.

The

The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
The calms of solitude inspire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
And wond'rous extasies arise within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleasure felt but undefin'd.
Stay, daring rider, now no longer rove ;
Now pass to find the palace through the grove ;
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The realm you fought for, daring rider stay.

Here various fancy spreads a vary'd scene,
And judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus on a plan, design'd by double care,
The building rises in the glitt'ring air,
With just agreement fram'd in ev'ry part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

Here laurel boughs, which antient heroes wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the poets rear,
And slope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,

Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And fresh in lasting song for ever live.

The shades, for whom with such indulgent care,
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
To deathless honours thus preserv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.

Here bold description paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is seen :
The fields look beauteous in their flow'ry pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside,
The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming sea,
The foaming seas their angry billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their rage, and as they calmly lie,
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky ;
The skies extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
In which description stains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the snow,
Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening grey.

Here on the pedestals of war and peace,
In diff'rent rows, and with a diff'rent grace,
Fine statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,
To which narration with a pointing hand
Directs the sight, and makes examples please,
By boldly vent'ring to dilate in praise,

While

While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if with cloſer art, with ſprightly mien,
Scarce like herſelf, and more like action ſeen,
She bids their facts in images ariſe,
And ſeems to paſs before the reader's eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,
And all the ſtatues of the palace live.
Then hoſts embattel'd ſtretch their lines aſar,
There leaders ſpeeches animate the war,
The trumpets ſound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The ſword is drawn, the lance is toſs'd on high,
The brave preſs on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in diff'ring ſhapes deforms the field.
Or ſhou'd the ſhepherds be diſpos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund echoes dally with the ſound,
And nymphs in meaſures trip along the ground,
And e'er the dews have wet the graſs below,
Turn homewards ſinging all the way they go.

Here, as on circumſtance narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly ſeem to tell,
The toil of heroes on the duſty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of ſwains,
Reflection ſpeaks, then all the forms that roſe
In life's enchanted ſcenes themſelves compoſe ;
Whiſt the grave voice, controuling all the ſpells
With ſolemn utt'rance, thus the moral tells :

So

So publick worth its enemies destroys,
Or private innocence itself enjoys.

Here all the passions, for their greater sway,
In all the pow'r of words themselves array ;
And hence the soft pathetick gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.
Sweet love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with desirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair hope displays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Brisk joy with transport fills the rising strain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in ev'ry vein.
Stern courage, glitt'ring in the sparks of ire,
Enflames those lays that set the breast on fire.
Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
In numbers taught to represent an ill.
By frightful accents fear produces fears,
By sad expression sorrow melts to tears,
And dire amazement and despair are brought,
By words of horror, through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous passions learn to roll ;
Thus arm'd with poetry they win the soul.

Pass further through the dome, another view
Wou'd now the pleasures of thy mind renew,
Where oft, description for the colours goes,
Which raise and animate its native shows ;

Where

Where oft narration seeks a florid grace
 To keep from sinking e'er 'tis time to cease;
 Where easy turns reflection looks to find,
 When morals aim at dress to please the mind;
 Where lively figures are for use array'd,
 And these an action, those a passion, aid.

There modest metaphors in order sit,
 With unaffected undisguising wit,
 That leave their own, and seek another's place,
 Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,
 To deck a notion faintly seen before,
 And truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

By these the beauteous similies reside,
 In look more open, in design ally'd,
 Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
 Bring ev'ry feature's corresponding grace,
 With near approaches in expression flow,
 And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
 As in the glass the shadows meet the fair,
 And dress and practise with resembling air:
 Thus truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
 Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

There repetitions one another meet,
 Expressly strong or languishingly sweet,
 And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
 And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

There

There close in order are the questions plac'd,
 Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
 And work the reader till his mind be brought
 To make its answers in the writer's thought.
 For thus the moving passions seem to throng,
 And with their quickness force the soul along;
 And thus the soul grows fond they shou'd prevail,
 When ev'ry question seems a fair appeal;
 And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
 In steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange commotion naturally shown,
 Speaks on regardless that we speak alone,
 Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
 Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
 The warmth of anger dares an absent foe;
 The words of pity speak to tears of woe;
 The love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
 And love despairing moans to naked trees.

There stand the new creations of the muse,
 Poetick persons, whom the writers use,
 Whene'er a cause magnificently great,
 Wou'd fix attention with peculiar weight.
 'Tis hence that humbled provinces are seen
 Transform'd to matrons with neglected mien,
 Who call their warriors in a mournful sound,
 And shew their crowns of turrets on the ground,

While

While over urns reclining rivers moan
 They shou'd enrich a nation not their own.
 'Tis hence the virtues are no more confin'd
 To be but rules of reason in the mind ;
 Their heav'nly forms start forth, appear to breathe,
 And in bright shapes converse with men beneath,
 And, as a God, in combat valour leads,
 In council prudence as a Goddess aids.

There exclamations all the voice employ
 In sudden flushes of concern or joy :
 Then seem the sluices which the passions bound,
 To burst asunder with a speechless sound ;
 And then with tumult and surprise they roll,
 And shew the case important in the soul.

There rising sentences attempt to speak,
 Which wonder, sorrow, shame, or anger break ;
 But so the part directs to find the rest,
 That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
 Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
 The sense looks large within the reader's view :
 He freely gathers all the passion means,
 And artful silence more than words explains.

Methinks a thousand graces more I see,
 And I cou'd dwell—but when wou'd thought be free ?
 Engaging method ranges all the band,
 And smooth transition joins them hand in hand :

Around

180 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Around the musick of my lays they throng,
 Ah too deserving objects of my song!
 Live, wond'rous palace, live secure of time
 To senses harmony, to souls sublime,
 And just proportion all, and great design,
 And lively colours, and an air divine.

'Tis here, that guided by the muses fire,
 And fill'd with sacred thought, her friends retire,
 Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
 To taste repose and elevated joys,
 Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
 Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.

From hence the charms that most engage they choose,
 And as they please the glitt'ring objects use;
 While to their genius more than art they trust,
 Yet art acknowledges their labours just.
 From hence they look, from this exalted show,
 To choose their subject in the world below,
 And where an hero well deserves a name,
 They consecrate his acts in song to fame;
 Or if a science unadorn'd they find,
 They smooth its look to please and teach the mind;
 And where a friendship's generously strong,
 They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
 Or if the verses must enflame desire,
 The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:

But

But when the temples deck'd with glory stand,
 And hymns of gratitude the Gods demand,
 Their bosoms kindle with celestial love,
 And then alone they cast their eyes above.
 Hail, sacred verse! ye sacred muses, hail!
 Cou'd I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
 The world might then be taught to know your right,
 And court your rage, and envy my delight:
 But whilst I follow where your pointed beams,
 My course directing, shoot in golden streams,
 The bright appearance dazzles fancy's eyes,
 And weary'd out the fix'd attention lies.
 Enough my verses have you work'd my breast,
 I'll seek the sacred grove, and sink to rest.

“ No longer now the ravish'd poet sung,
 “ His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;
 “ Nor o'er the musick did his fingers fly,
 “ The sounds ran tingling and they seem'd to die.”

O BOLINGBROKE! O fav'rite of the skies,
 O born to gifts by which the noblest rise!
 Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
 Intent to business, and polite for ease;
 Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
 Hath stil'd thee patron of a nation's cause.
 'Twas there the world perceiv'd and cown'd thee great,
 Thence ANNA call'd thee to the reins of state;
 Go, said the greatest queen, with OXFORD go,
 And still the tumults of the world below,

182 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Exert thy powers, and prosper; he that knows
To move with OXFORD never shou'd repose.
She spoke: The patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to publick good resign'd.
Else might thy soul so wonderfully wrought
For ev'ry depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the poet's sweet recess retreat,
And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine,
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,
Or say when readers easy verse ensnares,
How much the writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images in charming numbers set,
A sort of likeness in the soul beget,
And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh what a sweet confusion! what surprise!
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!
While lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.
Is verse a sov'reign regent of the soul,
And fitted all its motions to controul?
Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like unisons if either move?

For

For when the numbers sing an eager fight,
 I've heard a soldier's voice express delight ;
 I've seen his eyes with crouding spirits shine,
 And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
 When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,
 And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,
 I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,
 And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand.
 I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,
 And in red characters confess a flame :
 Or with success had more adorn'd his arms
 Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye sons of glory, by my first appeal,
 If here the pow'r of lines these lines reveal,
 When some great youth has with impetuous thought
 Read o'er atchievements which another wrought,
 And seen his courage and his honour go
 Through crouding nations in triumphant show,
 His soul enchanted by the words he reads,
 Shines all impregnated with sparkling feeds,
 And courage here, and honour there, appears,
 In brave design, that soars beyond his years,
 And this a spear, and that a chariot lends,
 And war and triumph he by turns attends :
 Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
 Till some fair cause hath call'd him forth to fame,
 Then form'd to life on what the poet made,
 And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,
 He marches forward on the daring foe,
 And emulation acts in ev'ry blow.

Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
 From rank to rank amongst the martial throng,
 While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
 And shines like Hector in the present age.
 Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays,
 And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.

Ye tender beauties, be my witness too,
 If song can charm, and if my song be true.
 With sweet experience oft a fair may find
 Her passions mov'd, by passions well design'd ;
 And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
 And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
 And if by chance an am'rous youth appears,
 With pants and blushes she the courtship hears ;
 And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
 And he's Septimius, and his Acme she :
 Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
 And the rais'd lover by the poet lives.

21 JY 64

VISIONS,



VISIONS,

Published in the

SPECTATORS, &c.

By the same Hand.



VISION I.

SPECTATOR. No. 460.

Decipimur specie recti — HOR.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in. And indeed there is something so amusing for the time, in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen

an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it the Paradise of Fools.

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in forcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing: she breathed odours as she spoke: She seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, 'till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: And it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves in their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick-woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish

whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth: And as she has a light, whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers; so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and, as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited 'till one should appear; every one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour, that had nothing to shew in, but an old coat of his ancestors' achievements: There was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and, Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-conceit. His eyes had
every

every now and then a cast inwards, to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged with the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treasures: he made nets for statesmen, from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to enflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces, Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her cloaths. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which Self-conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things, Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting on what I saw, I heard a voice in the croud bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fir'd by Self-conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, 'till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered.

He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-dealing, put on a vizard, and turned away; Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it,
that

that at least he must be Ill-manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure ; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crouding in upon us. Folly and Broken Credit were seen in the house before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn and Poverty brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared ; her subjects ran into holes and corners ; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude, or little company, the mean arts, or the viler crafts of life. But these, added he with a disdainful air, are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expences. We have seen such scenes as these before now ; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay 'till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others : But when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little up in the air, without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing, but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity, that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, 'till they were arrived at the due point of Esteem which

which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the earth, and, we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the palace were sensible of this descent, I cannot tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of Vanity.



VISION II.

SPECTATOR. No. 501.

HOW are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains

tains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion; or if another desire which becomes more present, did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the river of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overfet by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too, who 'till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank thro' several difficulties, of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely over-cast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it
very

very shocking to easy tempers, infomuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourselves to others, whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, thro' bordering hedges of rosemary, and thro' a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs, and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailing and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach one of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough, which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow, and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmur with the echo of groans that rolled thro' all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns;

thorns ; and the throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her, her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm : Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the proudest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and paleness wasting to a skeleton ; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward Troubles, to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of Vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence : others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us, by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath, and lifting our eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a fullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others ; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it ; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and

S

from

from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter greyness, like breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country gleams of amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had at last arrived at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at that time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters, that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them; others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of our journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much affliction, we could
not

not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.



VISION III.

GUARDIAN. No. 56.

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.*

CLAUDE.

I WAS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him, the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me,

and made me end my reflections, with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men who had overheard me made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of the one for the other, in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that tho' there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tyger. This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for tho' I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which so affrighted me.

As we went along, to inform you, says he, with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after Enmity lying in ambush for her, became

became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the differing complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay beside one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, strait, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, 'till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice, that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the antients emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the same family. Before I ascended up the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence

(as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the window was no sooner opened but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view, from what it used to appear! methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out in the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig, untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill nature of conversation, made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened into bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the faces of crocodiles, their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they converted to the claws of
of

of harpies, and these they still were setting out for more, yet seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of chameleons; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed like a dunghill cock, he crested well, and bore in his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower ranks of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived, a concern within me for what I saw; my eyes began to moisten, and as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide who addressed himself to me after this manner. You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourself from that degeneracy, by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and in conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends
aware

aware of it ; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them ; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection ; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day or so many months to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition ; expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious : the Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing ; and indeed it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.



VISION IV.

 GUARDIAN. No. 66.

THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent and unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by

by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence, for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all excuse, a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter further, to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of an higher nature, which mankind is guilty of, when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lies are told, because another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of concern; and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities become visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country, where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still encreased, I could discern a man habited like a herald (and as I afterwards understood)
called

called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears upon her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown, she seemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with an hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a croud, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for their services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in this procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion. She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues and eyes that they might be the proper Genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time, stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that

that passes. Her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward thro' the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of Reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a musick chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and Silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatick countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moonshine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flour of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal Powers of Michief. After this Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, who for the time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words

words of grief or resentment were heard within it. Thus the three Sorceresses discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigie. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest aughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpets ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, 'till then unknown to the place, was diffused around it. At this the detestable Sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud, which I saw began to thicken about them, but was soon dispersed, their charms being controuled and prevailed over by the superior Divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishments she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of houses, to nail the tongue of Talkativeness to Indian tables, and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect to Credulity I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge, she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs; she knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely, while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame, ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes, two phantoms who had dogged

ged the proceſſion in diſguiſe, and waited 'till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then ſhe ordered Curioſity and Talkative-
neſs to be fettered together, that the one ſhould never ſuffer the other to reſt, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity ſhe linked to Shame at the tormenter's own requeſt, who was pleaſed to be thus ſecure that her priſoners could not eſcape; and this was done partly for her puniſhment, and partly for her amendment. Cenſoriousneſs was alſo in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her aſſigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, ſhe drove them from the preſence to wander for ever thro' the world, with Novelty ſtalking before them.

The cauſe being now over, ſhe retreated from ſight within the ſplendour of her own glory, which leaving the houſe it had brightened, the ſounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and con-
fuſed as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear diſtinguiſhed appearance of any objects repre-
ſented to me, I returned from the excuſion I had made in fancy.



VISION V.

W HATEVER induſtry and eagernels the modern diſcoverers have ſhewn for the know-
ledge of new countries, there yet remains an ample field in the creation to which they are utter ſtran-
gers, and which all the methods of travelling hither-
to invented, will never bring them acquainted with.

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Of this I can give a very particular instance in an accident which lately happened to me.

As I was on the 6th of this instant, being Feb. 1715, walking with my eyes cast upward, I fell into a reflection on the vast tracts of air which appeared before me as uninhabited. And wherefore, said I to myself, should all this space be created? Can it only be for an odd bird to fly through, as now and then a man may pass a desert? Or are there also kingdoms with their particular polities, and people of a species which we know nothing of, ordained to live in it?

It was in this manner I continued my thought, when my feet forsook the level, and I was insensibly mounted in the air 'till I arrived at a footing as firm and level as what I had left. But with what surprise did I find myself among creatures distinct from us in shape and customs?

The inhabitants are of a small stature below those which history describes for pigmies. The tallest of them exceed not fourteen or fifteen inches, and the least are hardly three. This difference proceeds only from their growth before they are brought to light; for after we never observe them to grow, unless it please their parents, who have this uncommon method of enabling them: They recall them to the womb, where having been for some time, they receive an addition to their bulk, then go back to their houses, and continue at a stand as they did before. The experiment has been often tried with success, but some have suffered extremely by undergoing it.

Their skins are like the antient Britons, all drawn over with a variety of figures. The colour made use of for this end, is generally black. I have indeed observed in some of the religious, and lawyers of the country, red here and there intermingled, tho' not so commonly of late. They tell me too, they often used to paint with all colours; and I visited two or three of the old inhabitants, who were adorned in that fashion: But this is now disused, since the new inven-

inventions, by which the use of a black fountain that belongs to that country, is rendered more useful and serviceable.

The cloaths in which they go clad, are the skins of beasts, worn by some plain, by others with figures wrought upon them. Gold is also made use of by some, to beautify their apparel; but very seldom silver, unless, as buckles are by us, for fastening the garment before. I have seen some of them go like seamen in thin blue shirts, others like Indians in a party-coloured loose kind of apparel, and others, who they told me were the Politicians of the country, go about stark naked.

The manner of dressing them is this: At first when they come into the world, they have a suit given them, which if it do not fit exactly, is not, as with us, fitted up again, but the children are in a cruel manner cut and squeezed to bring them to its proportion. Yet this they seem not much to regard, provided their principal parts are not affected. When the dress is thus settled on them, they are clad for life, it being seldom their custom to alter it, or put it off: In short, they live in it night and day, and wear it to rags rather than part with it, being sure of the same torture, and a greater danger if they should be dressed a second time. I have further taken notice, that they delight to go open breasted, most of them shewing their bosoms speckled. Some Lawyers indeed wear them quite white, perhaps for distinction sake, or to be known at a distance. But the finest shew, is among the beaux and ladies, who mightily affect something of gold, both before and behind them.

Food I never saw them eat; they being a people, who, as I observed, live in air: Their houses are all single and high, having no back rooms, but frequently seven or eight stories, which are all separate houses above one another. They have one gate to their city, and generally no doors to their houses; though I have sometimes seen them have particular doors, and

even made of glass where the inhabitants have been observed to stand many days, that their fine apparel may be seen through them. If at any time they lie down which they do when they come from their habitations (as if coming abroad were their greatest fatigue) they will lie together in heaps without receiving hurt: Though the soundest sleep they get, is when they can have dust enough to cover them over.

The females amongst them are but few, nothing being produced by a marriage of sexes. The males are of a different strength or endowment of parts, some having knowledge in an extream degree, and others none at all; yet at the same time, they are mighty pretenders to instruct others. Their Names, (for as many as would discover them to me) I observed to be the very same as ours are upon earth; I met a few who made theirs a mystery, but why, I am yet to learn. They are so communicative, that they will tell all the knowledge they boast, if a stranger apply himself to their conversation: And this may be worth his while, if he considers that all languages, arts, and sciences, are professed amongst them. I think I may say it without vanity, that I knew a certain Talisman, with proper figures and characters inscribed, whereby their greatest people may be charmed, brought to reside with a man, and serve him like a familiar in the conduct of life.

There is no such thing as fighting amongst them, but their controversies are determined by words, wherein, they seldom own themselves conquered, yet proceed no further than two or three replies: Perhaps indeed two others take up their neighbours quarrel, but then they desist too after the same manner; sometimes, however, blows have ensued upon their account, though not amongst them: In such a case they have descended to inspire mankind with their sentiments, and chosen companions from among us, in order to decide it.

The time of their life is very different, some die as soon as born, and others in their youth; some get

get a new lease of life by their entering into the womb again, and if any weather it out to an hundred years, they generally live on to an extreme age. After which it is remarkable, that instead of growing weaker as we do, by time, they increase in strength, and become at last so confirmed in health, that it is the opinion of their country, they never can perish while the world remains.

The sicknesses which may take them off, besides what happens from their natural weakness of body, are of different sorts. One is over-moisture, which, affecting their mansions, makes them lose their complexions, become deformed, and rot away insensibly: This is often obviated by their not keeping too much within doors. Another is the worms, which prey upon their bowels: If they be maimed by accidents, they become like us, so far useless; and that maim, will some time or other be the occasion of their ruin. However, they perish by these means only in appearance, and like spirits, who vanish in one place, to be seen in another. But as men die of passions, so disesteem is what the most nearly touches them; then they withdraw into holes and corners, and consume away in darkness. Or if they are kept alive a few days by the force of spices, it is but a short reprieve from their perishing to eternity; without any honour, but that instead of a burial, a small pyre of paste should be erected over them, while they, like the ancient Romans, are reduced to ashes.

N. B. This vision is to be understood of a library of books.

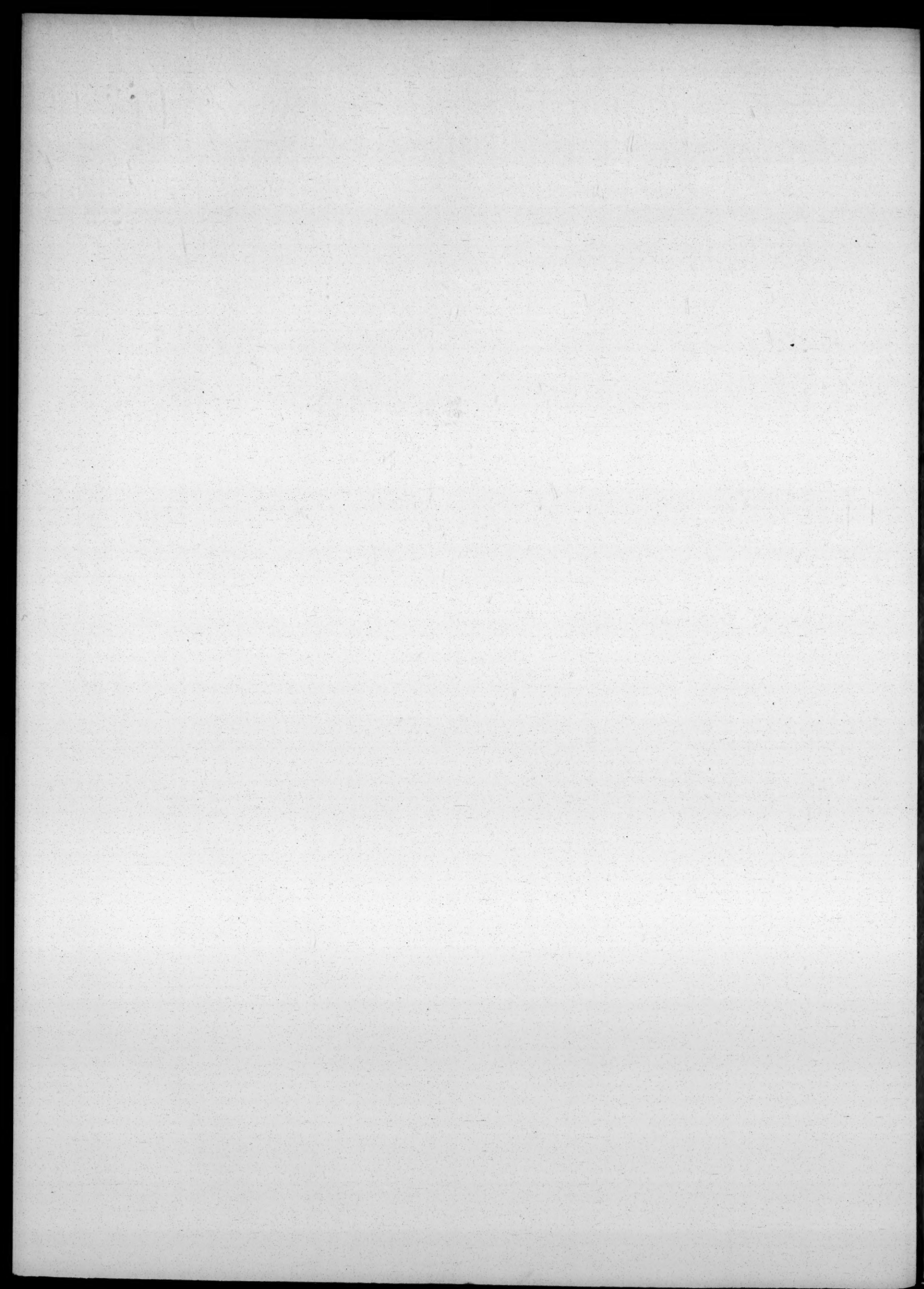


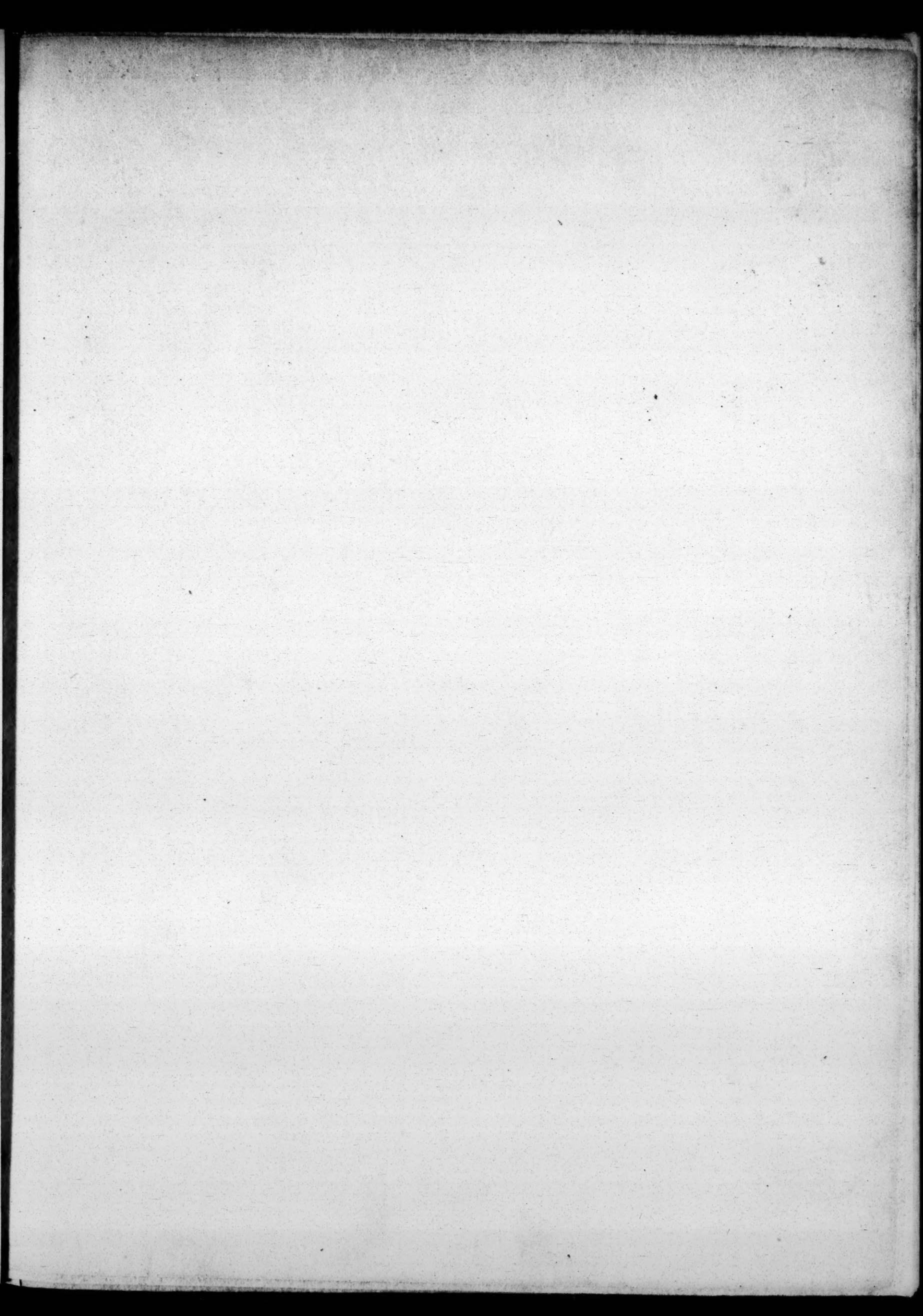
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